



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

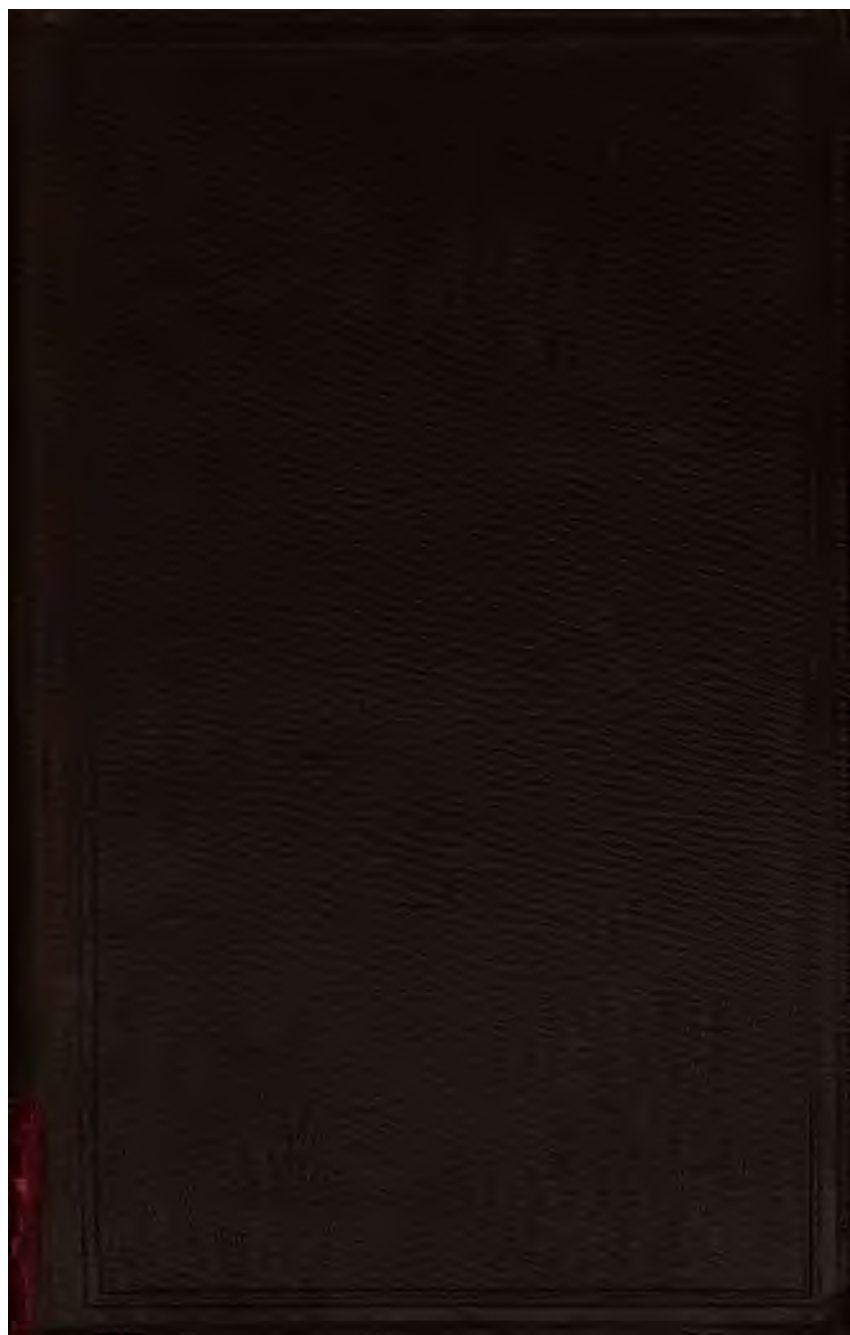
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



[No. 1.

ONE-VOLUME
ENCYCLOPÆDIAS AND DICTIONARIES.

I.

MR. A. K. JOHNSTON'S DICTIONARY of
GEOGRAPHY, Statistical and Descriptive: forming a
Complete General Gazetteer. 8vo. 56s.

II.

M'CULLOCH'S GEOGRAPHICAL DICTION-
ARY. 2 vols. 8vo. with 6 large Maps. New Edition (1850),
in course of publication in 12 Monthly Parts, price 5s. each.

III.

M'CULLOCH'S DICTIONARY of COMMERCE
and COMMERCIAL NAVIGATION. With Maps and
Plans. 8vo. 50s.; half-russia, 55s.—SUPPLEMENT, 4s. 6d.

IV.

MURRAY'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of GEOGRA-
PHY. With 82 Maps, and more than 1,000 other Wood
Engravings. 8vo. 60s.

V.

URE'S DICTIONARY of ARTS, MANUFAC-
TURES, and MINES. With 1,241 Wood Engravings. 8vo.
50s.—SUPPLEMENT, 14s.

VI.

GWILT'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of ARCHITEC-
TURE, Historical, Theoretical, and Practical. With 1,100
Wood Engravings. 8vo. 52s. 6d.

VII.

CRESY'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of CIVIL EN-
GINEERING, Historical, Theoretical, and Practical. With
upwards of 3,000 Wood Engravings. 8vo. 73s. 6d.

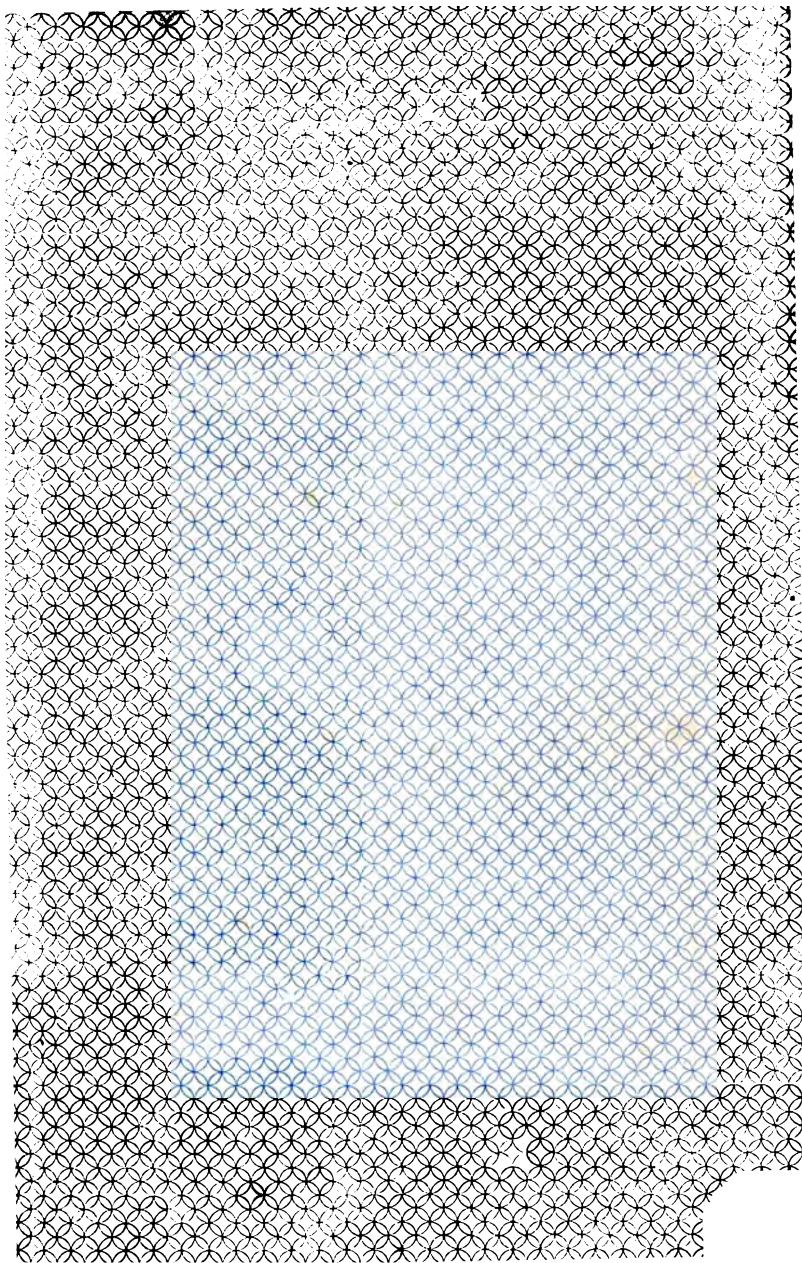
VIII.

WEBSTER and PARKES'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA
of DOMESTIC ECONOMY; comprising Furnishing, House-
keeping, Cookery, &c. 1,000 Woodcuts. 8vo. 50s.

IX.

BRANDE'S DICTIONARY of SCIENCE,
LITERATURE, and ART. With numerous Wood Engrav-
ings. 8vo. 60s.

LONDON: **JOHN WATTS AND LONGMANS.**





600023986Y

A JOURNAL
KEPT DURING
A SUMMER TOUR,
FOR
THE CHILDREN OF A VILLAGE SCHOOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"AMY HERBERT," "GERTRUDE," "THE CHILD'S
FIRST HISTORY OF ROME," &c.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

FROM OSTEND TO THE LAKE OF CONSTANCE.



LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1852.

203. cl. 164. i

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Journal was really written, as its title imports, for the children of a village school, in which the writer was personally interested.

It contains nothing but the remarks which every inexperienced traveller would be likely to make on first visiting a foreign country; and could in no way be worthy of publication, except as being written in simple language; and with the endeavour to bring it within the comprehension of children, whose knowledge of history and geography is too slight to enable them to enter into really valuable books of travels.

The book can claim no interest as regards incident: unceasing kindness and forethought having made the journey too easy to be adventurous.

The very trifling personal details which were noted down at the time for mere amusement, have been retained, as being likely to keep up a child's attention: and the style of travelling and living, though unlike those to which the poor are accustomed, are mentioned for the same reason, as

PREFACE.

giving an air of reality which children are amongst the first to appreciate.

It may also be a question worthy of consideration, whether, in the present day, when so many efforts are made to create a sympathy between the different classes of society, something may not be effected for the attainment of so desirable an object, by teaching the poor to take an interest in our pleasures, as well as by showing that we can enter into theirs.

JOURNAL OF A SUMMER TOUR.

PART I.

BRUGES : *July 4. 1851.* — My dear Children, — I determined before I left home that I would, if possible, write to you whilst I was away and give you an account of my travels. I am afraid, though, that I shall not find much time for letter writing, so I must try and put down every day in a book what I think will amuse you, and then you can read it when I return.

You know I went away from home last Tuesday : I travelled to London, and stayed more than a week there, and saw the Great Exhibition ; but I am not going to tell you about that ; for I have not time. But last night I left London with Lady H——, her two daughters, and a French maid, and set off on my travels.

We went as late as half past eight in the evening, just about the time, probably, when you were all thinking of going to bed. If I had been asked, I dare say I might have liked to go to bed too, for I was tired with packing, and did not at all fancy spending the night at sea. However, there was no help for it, so we got into the railway carriage, and in a shorter time than you would believe possible, we were at Dover in Kent.

Such a bustle there was when the train stopped! so many people calling for carriages to take them where they wished to go; and such a number of boxes, and bags, and parcels, lying about on the ground!—the noise and the confusion almost made me dizzy. It was nearly eleven o'clock then; and when a carriage was brought, we got into it, and drove through the streets of Dover to the water side. There we found, close to the shore, a large steam vessel, which was to carry us to Ostend. It was very strange, and rather awful, to stand and look at it by the light of the few lamps on the shore; for the night was dark, and the wind was blowing fresh, and every one said we should have a rough voyage. There was no good, however, in thinking of trouble beforehand; and as the vessel was not to sail for an hour, we thought it better to go to an hotel, and have some coffee and bread and butter, and wait there till we were told the steamer was ready to start.

About twelve o'clock we went on board: there did not seem to be many passengers, only when I looked round on the benches, I observed great bundles lying there, as I thought, which proved afterwards to be different persons, who had wrapped themselves up, and lain down to sleep on the deck of the vessel, because there was no room in the cabin. There was no room for us either; and as soon as I could, I lay down likewise on a bench, over which a piece of canvass was stretched, which served also to cover me; and when I had taken off my bonnet, tied a handkerchief over my head, and made a pillow of a little box and a bag, I said to myself, how comfortable and refreshing it was, and how much better than the hot streets of London, which I had been in such a short time before. And so it was at first: I lay and looked up into the

dark sky, and saw the lights from the houses on the shore, and then there was a cry from the men, and a great pulling of ropes, and the vessel was set loose, — and away we went over the sea.

First it was tolerably smooth, and I was quite warm ; then it grew a little rough and cold, and I wrapped the canvass closely over me, and put a cloak over my head, and tried to sleep. But it became rougher and rougher ; the ship went up and down, and tossed from side to side, and the water dashed over it, and wetted the canvass, and sprinkled my face ; and I began to feel that my own bed at home, or even in London, was much more pleasant than a hard bench in a steam vessel. I was far better off, however, than the persons about me, for the greater number were made very ill by the motion of the ship, and I was not. But I did not venture to sit up, for I knew that if I did I might suffer as much as others. Presently, to my great discomfort, a lady came up to the bench, and lay down upon my feet, and though I tried to move, she did not seem at all inclined to go away, but kept pressing me down with such a heavy weight that I could scarcely bear it. This was my great trouble all the night, but as I was well, and the poor lady was ill, I had no right to complain ; and I hope she was a little comforted by making a pillow of me, though I must say I would rather she should have chosen something else for the purpose.

It was not dark very long, but when it began to be daylight, I think it was almost more dreary than before. Every thing looked so cold and wet on board the vessel, and there was as yet no land to be seen, and the sea was tossing all round us — the heavy waves and the white foam rushing on, as if they were

living things going on a wild race. It was nearly six o'clock in the morning, and the sun was just beginning to shine out through the grey, stormy clouds, when I sat up on my bench, and looked over the sea, and saw the land in the distance ; — not a beautiful land like Bonchurch, with cliffs and trees, but quite flat, like a field, without trees, and with very few houses — only one or two — and a tower of a church here and there. Still it was land, and I was thankful we were getting near it, and so was every one else. The ladies and gentlemen who had been in the cabins of the vessel all night, came on deck, looking ghastly white, and all their strength gone, and began to look for their luggage, and think what they should do when they went on shore. We had a good many packages, but there was a man on board whose business it was to help us, and when we came alongside of the pier where we were to land, there were carriages, like our English flies, waiting to take the passengers to the hotel ; so that on the whole we had not much trouble in going on shore.

The place we had reached was Ostend ; you will find it in the map of the Netherlands, or Belgium. It is in the dominions of the King of the Netherlands, who is cousin to our Queen Victoria. I cannot say it was very unlike an English town. The few houses near the sea did not look very different, and the men on the pier had rather the appearance of Englishmen ; though when they began to speak, they talked either French or Flemish, and so showed us at once that we were in a foreign land. The hotel was not very far from the shore, which was fortunate, for we were all extremely tired and uncomfortable. On our arrival, we were shown into a large room, with two little beds in it, — like what are called French beds, in England, — and a

round table in the middle; and in this room we were to have our tea, — or breakfast, as perhaps it ought to be called. This having meals in a bed room, is very strange at first to an English person, but it is quite a common practice abroad. We wanted to have a fire lighted, but the fire-place was blocked up, and so it could not be managed. We had breakfast very much as we might have had it in England, only that instead of large loaves, they brought us little rolls. The women servants spoke French, and were very tidy looking girls, wearing little white caps, without any gay ribbons in them, and having a coloured handkerchief pinned neatly over their necks. I could not help thinking how much better I liked their dress, than the dirty fine clothes which English girls so often wear. We all had a little tea, but we could not eat much, and then, though it was seven o'clock in the morning, we determined to go to bed as if it had been night, and have a thorough rest to fit us for our further travels.

You may think how pleasant it was to lie down on a soft bed, in a quiet room, instead of the hard bench in the tossing vessel. I never knew before how great a comfort I had enjoyed all my life, in a warm and easy bed, and I thanked God for having brought me safely to the end of my voyage.

I slept till about twelve o'clock, — that is to say, I did not sleep all the time, but only when the hotel was quiet enough to allow me to do so; for there were a number of noisy children in the next room, who would keep on calling to one another, and running about, and knocking the wall; and their papa and some gentlemen with him talked French in such a loud voice, that I could almost hear the very words they said.

The little sleep I had, however, refreshed me very much, and made me feel quite ready to go out with one of my friends, who proposed that we should take a little walk and see what the town was like, before having what we still termed breakfast, — for the day was so odd and confused, that we could not at all understand how late it was. It was raining fast, but we did not care for that, and after putting on galoshes, and providing ourselves with umbrellas, we went out. We kept first by the quay, near the water, and then we turned into the streets; very dull streets they were, — rather narrow, and the houses extremely tall, and having a great many windows. There was no pavement, but both the carriage road and the walking path were made with little long flat stones, most uncomfortable to walk upon. On each side of the streets were rows of stunted trees. There must have been a festival in the town, a short time before, for the people had fastened ropes across the streets, and made pretty wreaths and garlands of flowers to hang from them. We wanted to ask a woman what the festival was for, but when we spoke to her in French, she did not understand us. There is a great mixture of language in Belgium. Formerly, Belgium was joined to Holland, and the language of the country — Flemish as it called — is therefore almost the same as Dutch. But Belgium is also close to France, and the people have frequently been conquered by the French, and in this way they have learnt to understand, and very often to speak French quite easily. In the Belgian towns which I have seen, there are constantly over the doors the same words in Flemish and French. Flemish is very like English. I will tell you what I saw put over a shop to day for, “Gold

and Silver Smith,"— "Goud en Zilber Smid." If you try to pronounce the words, you will see how alike they are.

After amusing ourselves in the town for some time, we went into the church. It was very large,—much larger I think than any of you ever saw, but not particularly handsome. The door was open, so that we could enter without asking any one to show it to us. This is generally the case in Roman Catholic countries the greater part of the day. It enables people to go in whenever they like, to pray by themselves, which must be a great comfort to them. Several people were praying in the church at Ostend when we went in. There were no pews or fixed seats, but a number of chairs were placed together in one spot, and any person who chose might take one, and carry it to any other part of the church he liked. That which always distresses me in a Roman Catholic church is, to see dressed up images of the Virgin Mary, and people kneeling before them praying to her. We saw some of these images in Ostend Church. There were painted figures also on the outside, representing the saddest events in the life of our Blessed Lord; for in foreign countries figures and pictures of sacred subjects are much more common than they are in England.

It did not rain all the time we were out, but, as the sun did not shine, the town did not look as well as it might. I did not, however, see much to admire, though many things were interesting, because they were strange. Ostend has walls and broad ditches or moats round it, to prevent foreign troops from entering in time of war. It is also a place to which persons go in the summer time for the sake of bathing. The

King of Belgium and the Royal Family are there sometimes ; but it seems a dull place, and nothing but the sea, I should think, would induce any one to visit it for pleasure. We found breakfast ready when we went back to the hotel, — very much the same kind of breakfast as we might have had in England ; coffee, and rolls, and some cutlets dressed in the English way, and afterwards I had just time to write a letter home, to tell my sisters that I had crossed safely, and then the omnibus came to the door, to take us all to the railway by which we were to travel to Bruges.

Railways are very much alike everywhere, but it struck me that the Belgians were more quiet and civil than many English people when going on a journey, and did not seem to have so much business upon their hands. The poor women we saw, were especially polite to one another. They look very neat, but quite unlike English women, for they do not wear bonnets, but cloaks, with caps and hoods. When it is wet they put the hoods of the cloaks over their heads.

I noticed one woman to day with a wonderful cap, which was almost like a bonnet, for it stood out, round the face as a bonnet does, only it was made of black net and wire. She had besides, large gilt ear-rings, which made her look still more odd to my English eyes. The women generally dress so much alike, that at first it seems difficult to know them apart. We waited half an hour, I should think, at the railway station. Some beautiful railway carriages were standing there with a good deal of gilt about them, and a crown at the top. They were intended for the King of the Belgians who was expected from England, where he had been on a visit to the Queen. He did not come, however, in time for us to see him.

We were about half an hour going from Ostend to Bruges. The country was not at all pretty, for there were scarcely any trees or hedges, and no hills.

Bruges used to be a very fine place, and a great many people lived in it. Our Charles the Second lived here some time when he was obliged to be away from England. There are not half as many inhabitants now as there used to be, and many of them are very poor; but the old houses are standing still, and very curious they are.

On our arrival we went first to an hotel, and then, when we had chosen our bed-rooms, and settled at what hour we would dine, we walked out to see the town. An old town in Belgium is so different from an English town, that you can hardly imagine what it is like, unless you have seen it. There is no pavement; but, as I told you of Ostend, there are pebbles and stones over the whole of the streets.

The houses at Bruges generally have peaked roofs or gables, jagged at the edge, like steps. The windows are high, and narrow, and very often the window-frames are painted a light bright green, which gives them a very gay appearance. We stayed as long as we could in the town, and then went back to dinner, which was not particularly unlike an English dinner, only there were more dishes; and when dinner was over we went out for a drive, and saw the great church, the Cathedral, but it was not light enough to have a good view of it. If you have never seen a Cathedral, you will not understand well what it is like merely by having it described; but it is a very large building, with long windows, the frames of which form beautiful patterns; and there are rows of tall columns or pillars in it, going the whole length of

the church; and arches one behind another, which one can look through, till it seems as if there was no end of them; and it is so high that it can scarcely be seen how the roof is made.

Each one of the pillars in the Cathedral at Bruges is formed of a number of little pillars joined together. Some of them are of polished marble. There are also a good many pictures in it. Altogether, a Cathedral is a very beautiful thing to see, though there are many more beautiful than this one at Bruges. We drove round the town, after we had been to the Cathedral, and then went home to tea. Since then, you see, I have written a great deal of my journal, and now I must say "good night" and go to bed, for I cannot tell you how tired I am. One thing I must mention, though, before I leave off, about the children we see in the streets. They wear little, round, white or black caps, which fit close to their heads, something like night-caps without frills. I saw one curious little child to-day, who was staring at the spectacles which I sometimes wear, because I am near-sighted. She looked at me, with her eyes fixed, as if she had never seen such a sight before; and I took off my spectacles, and forgot she was a little Flemish thing, and said to her, "You never saw any one with spectacles before, did you?" But the next moment I remembered how absurd it was in me to talk to her, for she did not understand a word I said, and the women who were with her did not either; but they laughed, and seemed quite pleased at her being noticed. When we drove round the town, we saw several people sitting at work in the streets; and a little party of children, in a back street, had spread a bit of carpet, or something of the kind, on the ground before their door,

and were seated on it, as comfortably as if they had been in the finest house in the world.

The small houses in the back streets are very like the large ones, with pointed jagged roofs, which make the streets much prettier than English streets. The men, women, and children, all wear great heavy wooden shoes, which are turned up at the toes, and make a clumping, clattering sound, as they go along the streets.

I think you would be amused to see what I have in my bed-room, instead of a fire place. There is a stove in it, which is not very unlike an English stove, with an open grating; but instead of a chimney, there is a high pillar of smooth, shining marble, which is hollow; and through this the smoke goes up.

ANTWERP: *Hôtel St. Antoine. Saturday, July 5th.*

— We went out this morning at Bruges, directly after breakfast. It was market-day, and the town was quite full. There is a great square in the middle of the town, and it was filled with booths and stalls, just as if there was a fair going on. All sorts of things were sold there,—worsted stockings, and printed cottons, and pots, and pans, and bread made into very long rolls, and everything you would generally find in shops. The shops were open, besides, and I remember remarking in one some bright yellow blankets hanging up on the outside.

Numbers of people were going backwards and forwards, and their dress was the most amusing thing possible.

You may recollect I told you yesterday of the woman I saw with the wonderful lace cap. To-day there were a great number with caps like it, only

they had stuck a straw bonnet, covered with broad ribbons and bows, upon the top of it. They looked extremely smart and pleased, as if they were dressed quite in their best to come to market. A great many wore earrings, and some had little gold or gilt crosses hanging from their necks. The men, generally, wore blue smock frocks, like our butchers' coats: they call them blouses.

We walked across the great square to the Hall of Justice, where the prisoners are tried. There was a curious room to be seen in it, which, a great many years ago, — as far back as 1529, when Henry the Eighth was reigning in England, — formed part of the palace of Charles the Fifth, a celebrated Emperor of Germany. The figure of Charles is carved in wood over the fire-place. It is as large as life, and four other figures of princes and princesses, his ancestors, are carved in the same way, two on each side. It was a pleasure to me to see them, for, a little while before I left home, I had been reading a great deal about one of the princesses, who was called Mary of Burgundy. She was Charles the Fifth's grandmother, and was a very gentle, good person. The other princess was sister to our Edward the Fourth: so you see I had an interest in them both.

Then we went to visit a beautiful little church, where there were some very old pictures, and where we saw a gold chest, covered with pearls, and rubies, and other precious stones. It was not placed in the church, but kept in a room something like a vestry-room. The roof of the church was painted bright blue, with gilt stars; and there were all kinds of brilliant colours and patterns on a part of the walls.

We wished afterwards to see another large church, the Church of "Notre Dame," or "Our Lady," which

is nearly as large as the Cathedral that we went into last night. We found our way to a house where a person lived, who, we had been told by a shopwoman, could go with us and show us all that was worth notice in the church. We rang the bell, and a woman and a little girl came to the door together. The woman could only speak Flemish, and when we informed her in French what we wanted, she was obliged to apply to her little girl, and make her answer, for the child spoke French and Flemish also. It is this mixture of languages which is so strange to an English person on first going abroad. One can scarcely understand at first how it is that persons who have not had much education can speak more than one language, but it is the constant communication with persons from different countries which teaches them.

This little girl told us that the churches were all shut up at twelve o'clock, and would not be opened till one. We had not time to wait, so instead of seeing the church, we went to a place called the Hospital of St. John. There was a disagreeable man following us all the time, offering to show us the way, which we could find out without him; nothing we could say would induce him to go away, till we reached the hospital, and then the porter shut the gate upon him, and we were rid of him, much to our satisfaction.

We had not time to see the hospital itself which I should very much have liked; but were obliged to content ourselves with looking at some fine pictures kept there, together with a large wooden casket, painted, in the most wonderfully beautiful manner, by an old Flemish painter called Hans Hemling. It is considered so valuable that persons are said to have offered to give a silver casket in its stead, if the

governor of the hospital would part with it; but the governor has always refused, and I think very wisely, for they will never again have any thing half so curious and lovely as the painted chest.

The porter told us that they had generally as many as a hundred and fifty poor sick people in the hospital, and they had rooms for two hundred. They must all be sent from three parishes near Bruges. There was a sort of light cart standing in the yard, within the gates, which is used to carry the sick people backwards and forwards. When they are at the hospital they are attended by some very kind good women, called Sisters of Charity, who devote all their time to them. I did not see any of the Sisters, but there were pictures of them at the hospital; they all dress just alike, in black dresses, with white hoods or caps, and thick veils partly over their faces. These Sisters always stay at the hospital, and as there is a church belonging to it, there is no occasion for them to go out at all: there are, however, others who go about in the town, and visit the poor in their own homes. Close to the hospital I saw a pleasant, quiet, little garden, where the porter said that the poor people go and walk when they are getting better.

We were obliged to return to the hotel quickly, or we should not have been in time for dinner; and we were not going to dine alone, but at what is called the table d'hôte, or, as we should say in English, the landlord's table; for almost every where in Belgium, and France, and Germany, there is one large public room, where all persons in the hotel who choose may dine together at the same time. We were the only ladies present, but there were more than thirty gentlemen, all talking French and Flemish as fast as they could.

The men who waited upon us did not put the dishes upon the table, but handed them round, one by one, and you cannot think how long the dinner lasted. First, we had a kind of broth, then some fish, then some meat, then two or three more dishes of fish, and other things besides; I do not mean that we were obliged to eat of all, but they were handed to us; at last, there was a Flemish pudding, which was a kind of plum pudding, and after that we were quite tired and went away.

We were to leave Bruges for Antwerp in the afternoon by the railway; but before we set off we had time for another little drive round the town. Certainly I never saw a more interesting place; there were two or three markets, besides the one in the great square. In one they sold nothing but fruit and vegetables: there were wheelbarrows full of carrots, tied up prettily in bundles, for the people eat a great many carrots with their meat, only not dressed whole, but cut up into bits. In another market meat was sold, and what seemed very strange to me, women often kept the meat stalls, just as butchers do in England. A third market was for fish.

Some of the prettiest parts of the town were near the canals. There are several canals between Bruges and other towns in Belgium. There is one from Ostend, which is extremely broad. In former days, vessels from all parts of the world used to come by these canals to Bruges, bringing the manufactures of distant countries, to be exchanged for the merchandise of Germany. This trade made the people of Bruges very rich, and full of bustle and activity; but it has ceased now, and the canals are quiet and deserted. The houses on each side of them are built close to the

water's edge, and there is no kind of street or pavement before them. They look pretty, but the houses must, I should think, be damp.

We returned to the hotel just in time to be ready for the omnibus which was to take us to the railway station. But before I mention our leaving Bruges, I must tell you of something at the hotel, very trifling, but which amused me extremely. Going up the staircase there was placed at each step the figure of a little white swan, with its head turned up in the air and its mouth open, and into this mouth the railings of the staircase were fixed. It used to make me quite uncomfortable to look at the poor little swans, for I felt as if they certainly would be choked with the rails stuck in their throats. This was one of my last recollections of Bruges.

We waited a little while at the railway station, and then when the train was ready to start, set off for Ghent, which was the place we were going to first. You will find it in the map between Bruges and Antwerp. I thought of you, children, as I was going along the road, and made a point of looking at the little cottages, the sort of cottages you would live in, if you were Belgians instead of English, that I might tell you what they were like. They are generally very neat and white, with bright red tiles, and green window frames. They stand in little gardens, or small green meadows, but there are no palings round the gardens, and very often no hedges, only perhaps a little ditch between the garden and the corn-field which joins it; so that in fact, as you look at it, it does not seem as if there was any division between them. I did not see a wicket-gate or stile the whole way. There were scarcely ever any windows in the roof, only a

little window quite at the end of the house, which I suppose serves to light a bed-room. There were no lanes, but straight walks by the side of the fields, and sometimes there was a long straight road, bordered on each side by trees, and leading to some little village. I only saw one really large gentleman's house. One village was quite close to the railway, but the houses were not separate and in gardens, but joined together in a row, one row on each side of the road, and not even a small piece of ground for flowers in front. They looked rather pretty with the bright green window frames, and the women and children sitting at the doors in the cool evening, but they did not please me as much as our English thatched cottages. I watched the children whom I saw, and noticed one or two working in the fields without shoes or stockings. We were obliged to get out of the carriage at Ghent, and go in an omnibus through part of the town, till we reached another railway which was to take us on to Antwerp. Two omnibuses were waiting, and both the drivers were very anxious to be employed. One of them would not be refused, and when he found we were determined not to go with him, he shouted, and called, and made such a noise as I scarcely ever heard. I was very sorry not to see much of Ghent, for it is said to be a most interesting town, but we had not time to stop there; as we had another hour to travel by the railway before we could reach Antwerp. It was a very pleasant evening, only a little chilly, and after Ghent the country was prettier, with more trees about it, till we came in sight of Antwerp, and then I must say it looked rather dreary, for it was quite a flat marsh, with the towers of the churches and the Cathedral in the distance. The train stopped as I thought, at a

very strange place, where there was no building as there usually is at a railway station. We all got out, and began looking for our luggage, which was no where to be seen, and wondering where it was, and what we were to do next. We asked a man who was standing by us, what had become of the luggage. "Oh!" he replied, "it is all carried on board the steamer."—To our surprise, we found that we were on the banks of the river Scheldt, and had to cross to the opposite side. A few minutes afterwards we, and our boxes and bags, were all on the deck of a small steam-vessel, sailing across the broad river, and I was looking up at the half moon, which was shining over our heads, feeling how strange it was to be in such a place, and thinking of home. The Scheldt is a very fine wide river at Antwerp, for it is so near the sea, that it is more like an arm of the sea than merely a river. The city of Antwerp, with its splendid Cathedral, is close to the banks, but the country round does not seem pretty. An omnibus was in readiness on the opposite side to carry us to the hotel. We drove through long narrow streets, with tall old houses on each side, and soon came to a very large hotel, where we are now. The house was extremely full, and the landlady told us at once, that she could not give us good rooms; but a very pleasant-mannered little chambermaid came to us, and showed us the way through a great archway, which a carriage could pass under, into an inner open court. Round the court were little orange trees, in square tubs, and benches placed with tables near them, so that persons might sit out of doors in the cool of the evening. I must say, though, that just now it would be rather chilly. The room we were shown into, and in which I am sitting now, looks out into the court. The

windows of the opposite room are open, and there are lights in it, so that we can see what the people are doing, which is rather odd, but very amusing. My bed room is very high up, looking out into a narrow little street. We have had our tea, and amused ourselves with talking over what we have done, and are to do, and I must say that I am enjoying myself extremely. This sitting room of ours has a sofa in it, with white bed curtains hanging over it, so I suspect that very often it is used as a bed room. One of my amusements yesterday and to-day has been guessing the meaning of the Flemish words I see, and finding out if I am right, by the French, which is generally put with them. Flemish is so like English, it certainly cannot be difficult to read it, but the people talk so fast that it is impossible to understand a word they say. There was a woman with a little dog on board the Scheldt steamer this evening. You cannot think how I wished to hear her talk Flemish to her dog, but she would only call him by his name.

Good night! I hope you are all in bed and asleep; and I hope to be there myself soon, but I really am not at all tired, everything is so amusing and agreeable.

Monday, July 7th. — We went yesterday to the English Church, or Chapel as it is called here. It is not at all a pretty building, though it might be made so, if any one would take the trouble to improve it. There are some windows in it really like church windows, but the walls are only white-washed, and altogether it is very different from a really nice church in England. We had, however, our own daily service in our own language, and the Holy Communion afterwards; so that it did not seem as if we were in a strange land.

We dined directly after the service, in a very large room, with long tables in it. The ceiling was painted, and the walls were covered with a pretty bright paper. The table d'hôte dinner was to be had in this room, and before we went away, we saw the waiters preparing for it, — placing beautiful glass cups, with artificial flowers on the table, to make the dinner look pretty, for foreigners have a much greater notion of ornamenting every thing than we have. It was not convenient for us to dine at the table d'hôte, because of the afternoon service. It would have prevented our going to it; so we had our dinner by ourselves at one end of the long table. There were prayers in the afternoon at the English Chapel, but no sermon; the service was therefore not long; and we thought afterwards that it would be pleasant to walk about a little before tea. The first place we determined to go to, was the Cathedral. It is very near our hotel, — so near that we can see it plainly from our windows. There is an open space, with trees, between the hotel and the Cathedral; and underneath the trees the people were sitting upon benches, resting and enjoying themselves. In some foreign towns there seems to be just as much work going on on Sundays, as there is on week days, and that is very distressing to English people, who are accustomed to keep the day carefully. But in Antwerp there was scarcely any sign of business. Some of the shops had the windows open, but there did not appear to be anybody buying or selling in them.

The door of the cathedral was open as usual, so that all who chose might go in or out.

I do not think any thing of the kind has ever given me more pleasure than the first view of the inside of

Antwerp Cathedral. It was so very large and grand, —so like what one fancies a church ought to be. I could see through one arch into another, and then on and on, till the objects I looked upon grew quite small in the distance. There were numbers of people about, and it seemed as if it were a home for all. I saw one woman sitting down with her little children, all very quiet, resting, so it appeared. Many were kneeling up in chairs, praying, but there was no regular service going on. The chairs are made with flat pieces of wood across the top, to lean or rest a book upon.

We walked round and round the Cathedral for some time, looking at the pictures and the carved figures. Some of them were very beautiful, and I did not see quite as many things to dislike, as I have noticed in other churches abroad. By and by I went away by myself to the lower end of the building, and watched what was going on. The men and women seemed very small; they were nothing when one looked up at the tall roof. There were little side chapels, something like transepts — a name you will understand from the transept at Bonchurch — and now and then, persons who came in went aside by themselves into these chapels to pray; but the greater number stood, or knelt, or sat in the centre of the church. The chairs were piled together close to the place where I stood; and there was a woman near them, who was paid something for every chair which was taken. Presently a bell rang, and I saw that almost all the people were moving. Instead of turning to the upper part of the church, to face the altar, they were collecting round a very large wooden pulpit, with beautifully carved figures to ornament it, which was placed low down in the church. I must tell you,

before I go further, that the altar at the east end of a Roman Catholic church is called the high altar. There are a great many others, in different parts of the church, in honour of the Virgin Mary, or some of the saints; and one cannot but grieve to see how many more of the poor people pray to the Virgin Mary than to our Blessed Lord.

The greater number of persons present had now, however, finished their prayers, and I found that a sermon was going to be preached to them. The priest stood in the pulpit, dressed in a white robe like our clergyman's surplice. What he said I could not tell, for the sermon was in Flemish. Some persons went on with their prayers still, but the rest were very attentive. It was a very beautiful sight to see them all in that grand building. None of the women wore bonnets, but they all sat round the pulpit, as if they had been in their own homes. There were many bright colours among the dresses, and sometimes the sun would shine out, and stream upon them through the high narrow windows, till it all looked like a beautiful picture.

After remaining in the cathedral some time, we left it to walk a little in the town. We wanted to go into some other churches, but we could not find our way at first. We stopped near one church and asked some women who were standing in the street if we could go into it, as it was about the time when the churches are closed. But all the answer we could get was a smile, and something in Flemish, which we just understood meant, that they could not talk French, but that some person they knew, who lived near could. Then I made one of my friends speak to them in German, and this they understood

better than French for it is very like Flemish. Still we could only get a Flemish answer, which was very puzzling to us, so we were obliged to pass on and manage for ourselves. We went through a number of strange back streets, where there were not many people, but every one we met was extremely civil. All the houses were tall and old. There were no small houses as there are in English towns. The poor people live, I believe, in sets of rooms in these large houses. Some of them appear very dirty, but the people themselves were bright and neat looking. We did find our way to another church at last, the Church of St. James. The door was fastened, and a man very civilly came up and knocked at it, and then a woman from the inside opened it and showed us over it. Four orange-trees, in large pots, were placed in the middle of the building, and they really looked extremely pretty. There were some curious and beautiful things to be seen in the church, amongst others a representation of the lifting up of our Lord upon the Cross, carved in wood, and so wonderfully natural that it gave one real pain to look at it. There was also a picture by a very celebrated Flemish painter, Rubens, who lived between two and three hundred years ago. As it was in a church it was of course a sacred subject;—a picture of the Virgin Mary, and our Lord as a little Child, and several saints standing round.

We returned to the hotel after seeing this last church, as tea was ready for us; but afterwards we went out again, and were not at home till nearly nine o'clock. It was curious to see every one living as it were out of doors. Antwerp is a fortified town. There are high walls round it, and a great ditch or moat.

Beyond these are long roads, with rows of trees on each side. Numbers of people were walking along the roads; and under the trees there were parties, seated on benches, drinking beer. This sounds at first very strange; but abroad persons drink beer as we do tea, and whole families, a man, and his wife, and his little children, for instance, may be seen seated together at a table, in the most quiet orderly manner possible, with cups of beer before them. I think it is one of the first things which strikes a stranger on coming abroad, how very well behaved and civil the people are.

This morning (Monday) Mr. H——, and a friend of his, Mr. F——, have arrived from England. They came by the steamer from London to Antwerp. We have been spending our time principally at a building called the Museum, looking at pictures, and I have enjoyed it very much. They were almost all pictures of sacred subjects, and a great many by the famous painter, Rubens, whom I told you about. His chair was kept at the Museum as a remembrance of him. We have also seen more churches, and been for a drive round the town, partly by the side of the river. Antwerp is a place where a great trade is carried on, and very many ships, belonging to merchants of different countries, are to be seen in the river. These merchants were at one time some of the richest men in Europe. I was amused to see, in some of the streets near the landing-place by the river-side, English names for shops, — “butcher’s shop,” “baker’s shop,” for instance. I suppose it must be for the convenience of the English sailors who come here.

Parts of the town we went through were very old and extremely dirty; but the people were sitting out of doors there, just in the same easy comfortable way as

in other parts — actually sitting on chairs in the streets. One girl I saw with a frame, at which she was working lace. It was in one of the dirtiest, narrowest streets we passed through. They seem very fond of collecting a few flowers at their windows. There were some to-day at the very top window of an extremely tall poor-looking house ; certainly they add exceedingly to the prettiness of the streets. The children were many of them very neglected-looking. They stare at us, and seem to know us to be foreigners directly. There were thirteen collected round one of the church-doors to-day as we came out.

I must tell you of one very curious thing I saw this afternoon in the Church of St. Andrew ; it was a pulpit of carved wood, and at the foot of the pulpit was a representation of St. Andrew and St. Peter, the figures being nearly, if not quite, as large as life. There was the figure of our Blessed Saviour standing upon the shore, and the boat, with St. Peter and St. Andrew just about to leave it and follow Him. Then, above the pulpit were figures of angels, and a cross of a peculiar shape — the shape of an X — upon which it is said that St. Andrew suffered martyrdom. Belgium is famous for carved pulpits ; there has been one in every church I have seen.

One thing that I have remarked particularly, but which I believe is common everywhere in Roman Catholic countries, is, that images of the Virgin Mary, with our Blessed Lord, as an Infant, in her arms, are continually placed against the houses at the corners of the streets.

In two of the churches we went into to-day, there was service going on, but that does not mean the same sort of thing as our English service. The churches

are so large that the people who like it, can collect together in one part and join together in their prayers, whilst others are at the same time praying by themselves in different parts.

We have changed our sitting room since yesterday. The one we had at first was too small to be comfortable, so now we have one on the ground floor, looking into the street; and from the window we can see the square, planted with little trees, and the Cathedral beyond it. This view of the Cathedral is most beautiful. The spire goes up and up, as if it would touch the sky; and it is cut and worked till one can scarcely fancy it to be made of stone; and through some of the open spaces are caught glimpses of the clear blue sky. The German Emperor Charles the Fifth, whom I mentioned to you once before, said, that the spire ought to be put in a glass case.

It was very fortunate for us this evening, that we were in the front of the hotel, for it gave us an opportunity of seeing what was going on in the town. The window was open and we were looking out, when we observed that persons were collecting from all parts as if there was something to be seen. The numbers increased rapidly, but they were all very quiet. The waiter happened to come into the room, and we enquired what was the matter. He told us that a feast had been held in another part of the town, and that the people were returning from it. Presently we saw lights near the Cathedral, as if persons were bearing torches. We could not see any figures, but the light fell upon the houses and the square, and made them look quite bright. We heard the sound of music, too, and soon there came by a procession. First a few men on horseback, then others carrying banners, and

a band of musicians, lighted by little boys who held torches in their hands. Two or three carriages followed. They all moved on steadily, and the townspeople with them. There was no quarrelling or disputing but all seemed enjoying themselves. They stopped for some time in the street by the hotel, but they dispersed afterwards, and now the town is almost quiet.

I must put down what I remember at the time, or I shall forget it entirely ; so I must tell you now, that the Roman Catholic priests walk about in a peculiar dress, something like an English clergyman's gown. The hat they wear is very large, with a wide brim, turned up at the sides nearly as high as the crown.

The caps which I have seen the women wear, have long flaps hanging down nearly to their shoulders. I saw a widow's cap to-day, made in the same way, only with stripes of black in it. They have a curious fashion here of fastening up the babies' frocks, so that their little feet cannot be seen, and the children look merely like square bundles.

I observed this evening that the linendrapers' and haberdashers' shops seemed to be kept by women.

Tuesday, November 8th. — We went this morning to the cathedral again. We did not know that any service was going on, but there were a great many people in the church, and in a little time we found that a funeral was to take place. A dark curtain, having a large gilt cross upon it, was hanging behind the altar, which is very high, as it always is in Roman Catholic churches, and has marble steps leading up to it. The choir, — the part near the altar, — was kept empty for the priest, and those who were to join in the service. The gentlemen, also, — friends, I sup-

pose, of the person who was dead, — sat down the side of the choir. Presently there came up the long aisle of the Cathedral a procession of priests, with white surplices, bearing the coffin, which was taken into the choir, and then the service began. The music was beautiful, and the scene very striking, as the priests, with their rich and glittering dresses, moved about beneath the great arches of the Cathedral. But I did not understand all that was going on. The prayers and the chants were in Latin, and altogether the service was so unlike what I had been accustomed to, that I could not fully enter into it.

In the afternoon we went to see what are called the Zoological Gardens, — gardens, that is, where animals and birds are kept. They are a little way out of the town, and do not differ much from the same kind of gardens in England.

We saw a lion and lioness, and a leopard, and bears, and monkeys, and birds of all kinds. A little dog was in the cage with the lion, and just at first we thought that he seemed frightened, and we looked about for some one to tell us whether he ought to be there; but after a little while we perceived that he was not at all frightened really, for he went quite close to the lion, and even jumped upon his back, and the lion took no notice of him, though he was evidently very hungry and impatient to be fed.

It has been rainy and cold all day. To-night I could almost bear a fire. We are to go to Cologne to-morrow. I feel quite sorry to leave Antwerp, and long to go into the Cathedral once more. I hope, though, we shall be quieter in the next hotel we go to, for here there are some canary birds hung close to one of the bed room windows, and they begin sing-

ing at three o'clock in the morning. One of my friends has been complaining of being kept awake by them till she is quite tired and ill.

Before we leave Antwerp I must tell you about a famous painter who once lived here; his name was Quentin Matsys. He was a blacksmith by trade, and when he was a young man, he wished very much to marry the daughter of an Antwerp artist; but the artist did not like his daughter to marry a blacksmith, and refused to consent. Quentin, however, would not give up his wish, and he set to work to learn painting; and at last succeeded so well that he was considered quite a good artist, and the painter gave permission for his marriage. Some of his pictures are in the museum, and in the Cathedral; there is also a well in the town, near the Cathedral, with some beautiful iron railing over it, which it is said was made by Quentin Matsys, when he was a blacksmith. It is still called Quentin Matsys' well.

I shall quite miss the deep toned bell of the Cathedral, and the chimes which play tunes every hour. These chimes are very common in Belgium; they are not rung as they are in England, but the bells are moved by machinery; sometimes it is so managed that a man can make them sound by playing upon a set of keys, as if he was playing upon an organ; and there he sits, high up in the inside of the Church steeple, and his music sounds all over the town.

Perhaps you may remember my telling you that the country near Antwerp looked like a flat marsh. I have found since that it was once beautiful land, very well cultivated; but in the year 1832, there was a war between the people of Belgium and the French and Dutch. The French and Dutch came with their armies

to besiege Antwerp, and the Dutch general ordered his men to cut away the banks which kept the river Scheldt from overflowing the land, and all the salt water brought up by the tide from the sea, rushed over it and entirely spoiled it. They say it will be many years before the land is as good as it used to be. That was the war which caused Holland and Belgium to be separated, and it was then that Prince Leopold was made King of Belgium.

I am afraid I shall be obliged to leave Antwerp without seeing one thing which every one who comes here makes a point of seeing if possible; it is a picture by Rubens, the great painter, representing the taking down of our Blessed Lord from the Cross. It used to hang in the Cathedral, but lately it has been removed, in order to be cleaned; and the person who is cleaning it is gone to Brussels, and has carried away the key of the room in which the picture is placed, so that there is no hope for me. I am very sorry for it, for I have often heard people talk of the picture, and I very much wished to see it.

COLOGNE: *Wednesday, July 9.* — We left Antwerp about eleven o'clock this morning, and came here by the railway. A most long, dusty journey it was, and tiresome to us especially, because we had to change carriages several times; and of course, being a large party we had a good deal of luggage, which made it inconvenient to move. The country was ugly the greater part of the way; very flat, no trees or hedges, nothing but fields without divisions. The cottages were not as pretty as they were near Bruges; but more like small English houses, not thatched, and without gardens. The only thing that gave me any particular interest

in the country was, that I had often heard about it in reading of the wars of the French Emperor Napoleon. The battle of Waterloo, which you must all have heard of, took place not at a very great distance from Antwerp. In fact the French armies were, at that time, constantly moving about in the country we have passed through to-day; and I can now understand better than before how easily they could march from one place to another in the open country. I must tell you some of the places we passed near, that you may find them on the map. Malines, or Mechlin, was one; perhaps some of you have heard of it as being famous for the manufacture of lace — Mechlin lace it is called. Then came Louvain, and after some time, Liege. The country was much prettier near Liege: it was more hilly; indeed, the railway went down such a steep hill as we drew near the town, that the engine was taken away, and the carriages slid down the railway by themselves. The train which was going the other way was pulled up by ropes. Liege is a manufacturing town. Many things are made there from a metal termed zinc, and the smoky houses and black chimneys of the furnaces made me think of some of our English manufacturing towns. We passed close to the river Meuse after leaving Liege, and then the railway went winding about for some time, amongst some rather steep hills, with wood growing up the sides, and a stream at the bottom; and there were also little country houses to be seen now and then, all of which were much pleasanter to look at than the flat corn-fields. After Liege, we reached Verviers, near which the kingdom of Belgium ends, and Prussia begins. We had to wait there a long time, and very hot and fatiguing it was. Several times persons brought us cherries and strawberries, but

the cherries were not ripe, and the fruit was very dear. There was not opportunity to have anything like a regular dinner, so we were obliged to manage as we could with biscuits and rolls; but all the biscuits we have met with are little sweet things. There seems to be nothing like a plain bun, or a substantial hard biscuit.

Aix-la-Chapelle was another celebrated place we passed before we reached Cologne, but we were not able to see much of it from the railway. It is famous for springs of hot water, of a peculiar quality, which are useful in the cure of some diseases. Many persons go to Aix-la-Chapelle for the purpose of drinking the water, or of bathing in it. I think the country grew more and more ugly as we approached Cologne. Nothing was to be seen but the flat fields, and such long rows of poplar trees! they seemed to go on for miles. The principal roads in Belgium are marked by these dismal-looking trees; and those we drove upon, when we were at Antwerp, were paved in the middle, the same as the streets, and the dust collected like sand at the side. I really do not wonder at the poor people choosing to wear heavy wooden shoes. I should do the same if I had to walk over such roads. I looked out for all the odd things I could see, and every now and then observed what amused me very much. In one place, quite close to the railway, a man and woman were seated outside a little summer-house, where every one could see them, passing their time as we might do in a private garden. There was a little round pond in front of them, and in the flower-beds were a number of tall sticks, with flower-pots hung upon them. I imagine they were intended to cover dahlias, for the flower is very much cultivated in Belgium. The people seem to have a taste for gardening, but they have

not the least idea what turf is. The grass in their gardens is as long and lank as if it was in a rough field. In another place I saw some children swinging : there were three of them together, one sitting in the middle, and the others standing at either end. I suspect they must have belonged to a pleasure party, for a little farther off I observed, in a kind of orchard, a table, with a number of grown up people sitting round it. At one of the stations I remarked a gentleman's carriage, made like a tilted cart, only very neat and well painted. Some of the waggons are extremely droll, with great high wheels, and the body of the waggon quite near the ground. A carrier's cart which I noticed, had a large tray under it for holding things.

The people seem to work out of doors very late. They were ploughing to-night when we came to Cologne, as late as eight o'clock in the evening. When we were near the river Meuse, I saw how the people washed their clothes. Two girls, without shoes or stockings, stood in the river, and washed the linen in the water. In another place, they were trying to bleach, or whiten the linen, by laying it out on the ground and watering it, as we should water flowers with a watering-pot.

We were all tolerably tired, when we reached Cologne at eight o'clock in the evening ; but even when the railroad carriage stopped, our journey and our troubles were not at end. Cologne being in Prussia, and Antwerp in Belgium, we were obliged to give up all our luggage to be examined by persons especially appointed for the purpose, who were to see whether we had brought any thing with us, for which the King of Prussia would require us to pay a tax. The office,

where such examinations as these are made, is called in English the Custom House. One of the gentlemen who was with us, undertook to see that the luggage was taken into the office, and brought back safely. The lady's maid went with him, to help him. The rest of the party seated themselves in an omnibus, myself amongst them. We waited and waited, but we heard nothing of our luggage, only we could just see into the room where it had been taken, which was filled with men and women, moving backwards and forwards, talking, calling, carrying boxes, and bags, and parcels;—such a noise and confusion, as you can scarcely imagine! Now and then an English sentence was heard, but by far the greater number were chattering German and French, as fast as they could. Two omnibuses were at the door of the Custom House, and occasionally some one would come out of the office, and call out, *Hôtel Disch! Hôtel Royal!*—which were the names of the Hotels to which the omnibuses belonged; and then a trunk or a carpet-bag was tossed up to the men standing on the top of one of the omnibuses, till the pile of luggage became almost more, so it seemed, than the roofs would bear. Lady H—— waited with us for some time, but at last she thought that it might be better to go herself to the *Hôtel Disch* and order rooms for us, and tea, and leave us to wait till the examination of the luggage was completed. So she left the omnibus, meaning to take a carriage; but no carriage could she have. There were flies ready, but the men who had the care of them, said, that there were not enough for her to have one to herself; and they would not let her go, till an English lady and gentleman, who were just setting out for the *Hôtel Disch*, offered to give her a seat in their fly.

Our omnibus driver was very anxious to get as many persons as he could into his omnibus, but he need not have troubled himself much about it, for, by degrees, the people came pouring out of the office, and, one after another, they entered the omnibus. English, Germans, Italians, — there seemed no end to them. We were fourteen, at last, in one carriage, and a quantity of luggage at the top, which it must have been actually frightening to look at ; and, after all our waiting, we could not see our friend, or the lady's maid. They were kept in the office after the luggage of the other travellers had been examined, and when the omnibus was full, the door was shut, and the huge carriage was driven slowly away. It was very vexatious, but we comforted ourselves by thinking that they would be certain to find their way to the hotel in time, — and on we went. For one moment I caught a glimpse of the river Rhine, which flows by Cologne ; but it was gone again, and we drove by thick, high walls, and over a moat, and under an archway, all serving for the defence of the town, till we found ourselves in the streets. The omnibus driver was evidently fidgetty about the height of the luggage, as we passed under the archway, for he stopped to see if it would go under safely. How many streets we went through, I am sure I cannot tell ; they appeared innumerable : and we were not driven straight to the Hôtel Disch, but to another hotel first, which was quite a disappointment. We longed to be out of the noise which the omnibus made, as it rattled through the streets over the stones ; and I think we felt a little afraid, for it swayed from side to side, and turned the corners of the streets so awkwardly, that it seemed as if

- at any moment we might be upset.

We reached the Hôtel Disch at last, and there we found every thing ready for us ; and soon afterwards the luggage, and the lady's maid, and our lost friend, arrived, so we were all together again, and very comfortable. This Hôtel Disch is immensely large. The number of stairs to our bedrooms makes it quite a journey to go to them. The public room, or "salon," is exceedingly handsome. When we went into it this evening to have our tea, it was really a very pretty sight, for numbers of people were in it, scattered about in parties, at different tables ; and several large glass chandeliers, for holding lights, were hanging from the ceiling, and making the whole scene extremely brilliant. But, as little drawbacks, I must mention, that the table cloth was very dirty, and the German gentlemen would smoke in the same room, and, as I had never been accustomed to these things, they struck me as not quite agreeable. Cologne is celebrated for its Cathedral: I just saw it for a minute, as I came through the streets, but not enough to describe it.

I learnt to-day that Cologne is so called, because a great many years ago, in the time of the Roman Emperor Nero (the same who caused St. Paul to be beheaded), some of the Roman people came to this part of Germany, and settled here ; and so it was called a Colonia or Colony, and since then the name has been turned into Cologne. It is pronounced something like Coloin. The people of Cologne speak German, not Flemish. I can read the language a little but I cannot speak it at all : however, I mean to try and learn it ; and just now I felt quite pleased at having made my first attempt, by asking the chambermaid to bring me "*warmes wasser*," or, warm water.

Thursday Morning, July 10th. — We have been to •

the Cathedral this morning. It is the first place every one goes to at Cologne. I thought Antwerp Cathedral beautiful, but Cologne is something infinitely more so. Yet it is not finished, though it was begun in the year 1248—in the time of our Henry the Third. It is so large, and requires so much money, and labour, and time, to make it what it was evidently intended to be, that one is almost inclined to think it never can be finished. The King of Prussia is employing workmen about it now, and there is scaffolding all round the outside, and on the top is a great machine for raising stones to the roof, which has been there for hundreds of years. But it requires more labour than we can imagine, to finish even the smallest portion. We stood looking at it from the outside for some time, admiring the carved stone-work, cut into shapes so thin and delicate, it seemed almost impossible that they could be made of stone. Then we opened a rough door and went in. What I saw it would be quite impossible to describe properly, but it was as if I had suddenly stood amongst the straight trunks of giant trees, only they were made of smooth stone, and cut into beautiful figures at the top. Some, in the distance, were of a pale grey colour, and others nearer seemed touched by the rays of a golden sunset; for there were windows of painted glass along the aisles, and as the light streamed through them, it fell upon the pillars and arches, and coloured them with a golden hue. After wandering about in the nave—the lower part of the building, I went farther up, into the chancel. Still there was the same vast height to the roof, and the tall narrow arches were seen one behind another; but the whole was one mass of brilliant colour,—purple, and crimson, and green, and blue, and gold, painted

on the walls, and marking the carvings of the columns ; and bright images of saints, and lovely patterns of every form and colour, shining through the outline of the windows. It was a place to sit, or rather to kneel alone in, and pray that God who has made the things of earth so beautiful, and taught us to use them to His honour, would also make our souls beautiful in His sight, and fit us for that far more glorious Heaven, where we shall have no need of temples in which to worship Him.

This was my first view of the Cathedral of Cologne, and very delightful it was. There are other things to be seen there, very different, and very painful, because they make one think of the errors of the Roman Catholic religion, but I have mentioned some before, and there is no occasion to repeat them. We spent nearly the whole morning in the Cathedral. One of my friends wished to sketch one of the porches, and sat down on a stone in front of the entrance, and I stayed with her, trying, as well as I could, to keep away the crowds of children who came peeping round. Such a number of idle, troublesome little creatures there were, we did not know what to do with them ! My friend spoke to them ; but I merely made signs that they should go away ; for I felt sure they would only laugh at my very bad German, if I attempted to talk to them. At last, up came a Prussian soldier, and poured forth a torrent of German scolding, and away went the children, as I am sure I should have done if I had been in their place ; for a more unpleasant sound in the way of scolding I have seldom heard. We went to the Cathedral again after dinner, to see some treasures which are kept there — beautiful gold and silver caskets, covered with precious stones, and worth

enormous sums of money : they were very much to be admired in themselves, but there were many strange stories about them ; one of them, for instance, is supposed to contain the skulls of the three Wise Men, who brought offerings to our Blessed Lord. They are said to have been three Eastern kings, and their bones are declared to have been carried to Cologne, and buried there. Several other histories of the same kind are told of things belonging to the different churches at Cologne ; but, as there are some which are likely to make us laugh, and yet are mixed up with sacred subjects, it seems better not to run the risk of being irreverent by relating them. We saw several of these churches after going to the Cathedral, but there was nothing very particularly to admire in them ; and we also visited the Rath-haus, or Town Hall, part of which was built in the time of the Romans. There was a splendid view all over Cologne from the top of the Rath-haus : we could see the river Rhine winding by the town, and the hills far away, which we hope to be quite near to-morrow, for we intend to go by one of the Rhine steamers to Coblenz. On our way back to the hotel, we walked through some of the narrow streets, and in one of them I remarked a most droll notice put up in a shop—a kind of eating-house. It was given in three languages, German, French, and English. The English was, "*At every hour here is warm and cold table, and also all kinds of beavage.*" Of course it meant warm and cold meat, and also all kinds of beverage or drink. It came on to rain heavily before we reached the hotel ; but there was one church quite near, which I had a great wish to look into, and I persuaded one of my friends to go to it with me. The people who were standing in the

court yard must have thought us quite wild, for we rushed across the street in an immense hurry, with only small parasols over our heads, and tried to push open a church door, which we thought was open. But it was not, and there was no porch to shelter us, and away we rushed again round the corner of the street to another door; that was shut too, and we had nothing left but to get back to the hotel as fast as we could—our parasols dripping, and the people laughing at our absurd exploit. Churches certainly abound here. There are twenty in the town now, and once, it is said, there were as many as there are days in the year.

I shall have a most pleasant remembrance of Cologne, all but the dirt. It is the dirtiest place I ever saw. The streets are so narrow, there is often not room enough for two carriages to pass, and there is the smallest possible quantity of pavement—so one is obliged to walk as one can in the middle of the road. An old woman, who showed us the way to the Rath-haus, was nearly run over three times, as she went on before us. Then there are such odd little shops—dark dingy places, filled with all kinds of strange things, little china figures, baskets, prints—pictures of different people, and representations of sacred subjects,—one cannot imagine how they all came together in such dirty holes, for I cannot call them anything else. There are other very good shops, with very beautiful things in them, but they none of them make a great show like our London shops.*

* I have forgotten to mention the Eau de Cologne, or Cologne Water, which is known every where for its delicious scent. It is a great article of trade at Cologne, and there are twenty-four manufacturers of it.

I noticed to-day, for the first time, a kind of head-dress, which I am told I shall often see as we go by the Rhine. It was worn by a girl in the street: she had a little black cap, fitting closely over the top of her head, and then a long gilt pin stuck all through her hair at the back, and keeping it together. The money is beginning to be very troublesome. Now that we are in Prussia, we are obliged to have a new kind of money—thalers and groschen. A thaler is about three shillings, and thirty groschen make a thaler; so a groschen is rather more than an English penny. Groschen are rather pretty little silver coins. The money is almost all silver, and very heavy; a great deal of it is nearly as large as our five-shilling pieces. It is carried in a bag instead of a purse, because it is so weighty and inconvenient.

I have just had an amusing little scene with the chambermaid. I rang the bell for some warm water, and as I was learned enough to know how to ask for that, she naturally supposed I could do a little more, so she began a long speech to me, to which I listened very attentively; but it was no use, I could only make out something about two jugs, and both rooms, but what they had to do with each other, I could not imagine. She went over her sentence very good-humouredly, rather slowly, and very distinctly, but still I did not understand, and at last we both laughed and I hurried away to call one of my friends to help me. I found then, that she wanted me to pour out the water, and let her carry the jugs away, — a very simple request, but one which it had taken a long time to get answered. We had such a merry laughing “good night,” and “thank you,” from her afterwards, it made me feel that we were quite friends.

COBLENTZ: *July 12th.*—We have had a long day's voyage in a Rhine steamer, leaving Cologne about half-past nine. The two gentlemen of our party set off earlier, in a different steam-vessel, as they wished to go to Frankfort. I wanted very much to have another view of the Cathedral before I left Cologne, but I was awakened at five o'clock by the church bells, when it was raining very hard, so that I could not well have gone out, and afterwards it was too late to attempt it. The services at the churches seem to begin very early. There was a church close to the Hôtel Disch, and whilst I was dressing every morning I could hear the organ and the chanting going on nearly the whole time. But I must tell you about our voyage. It was a cold day, rather rainy, and not good for seeing the Rhine, except now and then when the sun came out. It is a very broad river, and in some parts very beautiful. Just at first, when we left Cologne, the scenery was not beautiful; but it was early in the morning, and I felt quite refreshed, and able to enjoy everything. The view of the town from the water, and the old houses, and the Cathedral, and the number of vessels close to the quays, and the bridge of boats, were all delightful to me. This bridge of boats consists of a number of boats fastened together, with planks over them, to form a bridge. When vessels approach, some of the boats and the planks are moved away, and they are allowed to go by. Then, as we went farther up the river, jagged hills, covered with low trees, rose up on either side, and grey and reddish rocks peeped out amongst them, whilst above them would often appear a ruined tower, built upon the very summit, and seem-

ing to keep watch over the country still, as it did in the old times. For the banks of the Rhine were once covered with these castles, in which lived the nobles of the country, making war, and defending themselves from their enemies, as if they had been kings. One of these towers, however, has a different story connected with it. Roland, the knight who once lived in it, went far away to fight in Palestine for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, from the hands of the Saracens, and left behind him a lady, whom he loved dearly, and would willingly have made his wife. Whilst he was absent, false news were brought to the lady that he was dead, and in her sorrow she became a nun, which obliged her to make a solemn promise that she would never marry any one, but would devote herself to works of charity, and attend only to the services of religion. The knight returned in triumph from the Holy Land; but when he enquired concerning the lady whom he loved so well, he was told that she was a nun, and was living in the convent of Nonnenwerth, on an island in the Rhine. He could not make her break her solemn promise, and he did not wish to do so; but he built himself a castle on a hill overlooking the convent, and there he dwelt, watching over her during her life on earth, and no doubt, hoping to meet her in heaven. So the story goes,—and to-day, as I passed along the banks of the Rhine, I looked up, and saw amongst the rocks and woody hills, the broken arch of the tower of Roland, which is all that is left to tell us of the castle in which he passed his days. The island on which the convent was situated, was just below it. The convent building is there still, but no nuns have been living there for the last few years, and it is turned into an hotel.

Some persons think a great deal of the beauty of the Rhine, but I was disappointed in it. The hills were not high enough to be grand, as I had expected. Still they formed many lovely views, folding one behind another, with little towns, and villages, and churches, nestling beneath, as if anxious to seek for shelter from them. I could not help fancying that the people who inhabited the villages must live quite to themselves, and care nothing for the world beyond, and know nothing about it, except by the help of the broad river, which would be to them the high road to the rest of the world. They must be an industrious race, for they cultivate every spot of ground. I saw vineyards to-day for the first time. Sticks were set into the ground in rows, on the sides of the steep hills, and the vines were trained over them. The vineyards of the Rhine are celebrated everywhere for the wine which they produce. It is not at all strong, but cool and refreshing. We had a very pleasant day on the whole; the first part of it particularly, for I managed to station myself on a pile of boxes, at the lower end of the vessel, from whence I could see both sides of the river uncommonly well. By-and-by, however, a violent storm of rain came on, and then I cannot say it was quite so pleasant, for I ran a great risk of being wet through, and I did not like to move lest I should be worse off. It amused me to see a man belonging to the vessel having his dinner, he seemed to get on so well — first broth, then meat, and afterwards I think I saw the same man having coffee. I know it made me very hungry to look at him, for we breakfasted quite early, and did not have our dinner till after two o'clock. It was prepared for us on deck, though the greater number of the passengers went

below. There was an awning spread over the upper part of the deck all day, which was a very pleasant shelter. A good many English, and French, and Germans were on board the steamer, and a Prussian Prince and Princess, — very good-natured looking people, who sat by themselves, but seemed to be very much amused with every one else. You would not be much interested in merely learning the names of the little towns and villages which we passed to-day, but one place I must not forget to mention, because Prince Albert once spent a good deal of time there. It is a town called Bonn, which has a university, or a place where young men go to study. Prince Albert was one of the students. I was very glad to reach Coblentz at last, but I wish we were not going away to-morrow, there is so much I should like to see in the neighbourhood. I never saw anything prettier than the view was to-night when we landed. On one side of the river was a great fortress, called Ehrenbreitstein, or “the broad stone of honour;” and on the other the town of Coblentz, with trees and woods, and vineyards beyond. The rocks on which Ehrenbreitstein is built, are very high and steep, and of a reddish grey colour; and all up the sides are towers and walls, and places for cannon, so that the soldiers who have possession of it may fire upon their enemies below. Then there is a broad road cut out of the rock, winding up to the top, and at the bottom a cluster of houses with steep roofs, having some of them three rows of little attic windows in them. Our hotel fronts Ehrenbreitstein. There is a row of hotels along the banks of the river, and a bridge of boats across it. Just close to Coblentz there is a place where a great many rafts of timber may be seen. They are formed of large logs of wood,

cut from the trees growing upon some of the great mountains in Switzerland. These logs are tossed into some little stream, which rushes by the mountain; and if not dashed to pieces against the rocks, they are caught as they float along, bound together, and then left to follow the course of the stream till it joins the Rhine. On the way, this small raft is from time to time enlarged, by having other pieces of timber fastened to it. When it reaches the broad part of the river, it is still more increased in size, and made into a kind of platform; for several layers of these great logs or trees, are fastened together by chains, and planked over with rough deal. In this form it is able to bear huts and men, and looks in fact like a floating village. There are sometimes as many as four or five hundred rowers and workmen on board, and the captain places himself on a raised part of the raft from which he can see the whole mass. Four sets of rowers are employed to move it. There are smaller rafts attached to the large one, and boats also, for the purpose of going on shore. The rafts are at last floated to Dordrecht, in Holland, and sold. They are exceedingly valuable; for the timber of which they are formed sometimes produces as much as twenty or thirty thousand pounds.

The river Moselle flows by Coblenz, and falls into the Rhine just close to the town. To-night, after we arrived and had settled ourselves in our rooms, we walked through the town and along the banks of the Moselle a little way. It increases the beauty of the place very much having the two rivers meeting. The town of Coblenz is not so large as Cologne, but it is prettier from the situation. The roofs of the houses are so tall that it quite puzzles one to think what kind

of rooms there can be in them. The upper windows just below the roof still have flowers in them. The shop windows are generally small, like common windows. It was strange to see a whole quantity of sausages, and some meat, in one of them, instead of a regular butcher's shop. I went into one shop, a shoemaker's, to buy a pair of cork soles for my boots. The man did not seem at first to know what was wanted, but afterwards he brought forward some which he said were lined with "*Cork made into meal*,"—pounded, I suppose he meant. They were the only things I could find, so I was obliged to buy them. I do not see many caps. The women seem to go about without them. Some I have noticed with large white handkerchiefs fastened over their heads. The hotel we are at is called "the Giant's Hotel." It is certainly immensely large, though the part we are in is not by any means as handsome as those at Cologne and Antwerp. It seems to be very full, for the lady's-maid told us just now, that when she wanted her tea, she was informed she could not have any by herself, but must sit down with fifty other servants when they had their supper. My bed-room I cannot say much for; it is a back room, looking out into a narrow court, with high buildings all round it, forming part of the hotel, and such noises we have heard below! such running about and chattering! but I am growing used to noise, and hope to sleep well in spite of it, for we are to be up at five to-morrow morning to go on by the steamer to Mayence, and from thence by the railway to Heidelberg.

HEIDELBERG: *Hôtel Prinz Carl. Monday Morning, July 14th.* — I wrote last from Coblenz on Friday night. We were obliged, as I told you, to get up very early on Saturday morning, for the steam-boat started at six. It was cold and rather damp, the sky was cloudy, and threatened rain, but Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein were very beautiful still. The Prussian Prince and Princess were on board, just in the same place. They looked as if they had not moved all night. We had a long day's expedition before us, but if it had been warm I should not have thought it long. Even as it was it was very pleasant. The views on the Rhine grew prettier and prettier; there were more ruined towers, and more villages and churches. Almost every tower had some story belonging to it of the old times of the fierce lords of the Rhine; and the little villages were often fortified, or defended by walls and towers, still kept up, though grey and worn from the time which had passed since they were first built.

Two castles there were in one place, about which there is a story told, which I think I must repeat to you. They stand very near each other, on the top of a high rock :—

In the old times two brothers lived in one of them, who both wished to marry the same lady; her name was Geraldine. She liked the younger brother best, and would have married him; but he went away to a foreign land, and whilst he was there he forgot Lady Geraldine, and married another lady. The father of Lady Geraldine had quite consented to her marriage, and had built her a castle near the other, but he was dead now, and there was no one left to take care of her. The elder of the two brothers, however, undertook to

guard her. After a while the younger brother returned home with his new wife, and the elder brother being extremely angry, determined, according to the custom of those times, to fight with him, because he had broken his promise to Lady Geraldine. The combat was to take place in the valley below the two castles; but just as it was about to begin, a train of ladies drew near, covered with white veils, and at the head of them was Lady Geraldine. She had retired to a convent and there taken the vow of a nun, that she would never marry; and now she came to bid the two brothers be friends, and to tell them that she was happier in having given herself up to the service of God, than she could have been even if she had been the wife of the knight to whom she had been engaged.

The battle was stopped and the lady returned to the convent, and now the two castles are known by the name of "The Brothers."

Two other castles are called the Mouse and the Cat, because they stand near each other, like a cat watching a mouse. But the mouse stands on the highest hill, and, in the warlike days of the old times, I suspect it would have had the best chance of victory. Everything about the Rhine looks so quiet now, that one could never understand how things used to be, except by thinking of these old castles and the fortified villages.

We stopped every now and then at the villages to take in passengers, or allow them to go on shore. Many people spend days and days in these small places, and make excursions from them to see the beautiful country, and, I can imagine, finding a great deal of enjoyment in it. I saw two rafts on Saturday, floating down the river; a good many people were on board, but not as large a number as I have heard may some-

times be seen. There were two women on it, seated near a coil of rope, and men were moving about, and taking things on board from boats, which had come up to it; and there were huts upon it, and sheds to sleep in, and a bright red and white flag waving from a pole at one end. Altogether it looked extremely pretty, as I watched it gliding along, with the villages and churches, and rocks and woods behind it. All the first part of the voyage we were in Prussia, but afterwards we came into the territory of the Duke of Nassau. Nassau is a small German state. I think you must know that Germany is not all one kingdom, but made up of a great many small states, and two larger, Austria and Prussia. For a great many hundred years the lords of several of these small states, who were known by the title of Elector, used to choose some prince to be their head, and he was then called the Emperor of Germany. At one little village which we saw, on the banks of the Rhine, the electors once met to take away the government from an emperor, whom they disliked, and give it to some one else. There is no Emperor of Germany now, but the monarch of Austria has the same kind of title, and is called the Emperor of Austria.

Just before we entered the dominions of the Duke of Nassau, we passed by the castle of Stolzenfels, or "Proud Rock," belonging to the King of Prussia. Queen Victoria went there, when she paid a visit to the king some years ago. It stands upon a very steep hill, with wood all round it, and a great hollow on one side, something like what, in the Isle of Wight, is called a chine.

The poor people who live on the banks of the Rhine are almost entirely employed in taking care of their vineyards. There are vines planted on every spot of

earth that can be reached. However high up amongst the rocks, still one is sure to see a little vineyard, and sometimes men and women working in them. They get to them by straight paths, or terraces, which are cut amongst the rocks. There were plots of rye, also, to be seen, and as it was very ripe, and of a bright yellow colour, it gave a sunshiny look to the country, though it was such a dull day. There was one disadvantage, however, in the small plots of rye, and corn, and the little vineyards, — they made the hills appear very patchy.

After winding about, in and out, amongst the high rocks for a long time, the river became much broader, and the banks were not so pretty. This was when we were in Nassau. It was strange to see the river broader there than when it was nearer the sea; for, generally, rivers become narrower and narrower as one follows them towards their source. This is the case with the Rhine afterwards, but in this part it was really very wide — a great deal wider even than at Cologne.

There are two more castles that I have forgotten to mention, which we passed before we came to the broad part of the river. One was quite in the middle, built upon a rock, with the water all round it: a most strange, dreary old place. There was no way of getting at it, except by placing a ladder against the rock, and climbing up to a kind of door, half way up the walls. They say that in former times some of the German Countesses used occasionally to be sent there for safety, but it must have been a most desolate home for them. The other castle I ought, perhaps, only to call a tower, for it is really nothing else. It is, like the former, in the middle of the river. I had often heard

the story belonging to it, before I saw it. They say that there was once a bishop, named Hatto, — a cruel, hard-hearted man, very unlike what a bishop ought to be. A famine happened in his days, and the people came to him for bread. He bade them go to his barn and they should find it. But when they collected together in joy, he set fire to the barn, and burnt them all, saying, that it was a good thing to rid the country of the rats that ate up the corn. The story goes on to relate that Bishop Hatto went back to his palace, and supped merrily, and slept soundly, after his cruel action ; — but he never slept again. The very next morning one of his servants came to him, to tell him that an army of rats had entered his barn, and eaten up all his corn. A few minutes afterwards another servant appeared, looking very pale, and declaring that at least ten thousand more rats were to be seen approaching his palace. The bishop was frightened. It seemed to him that his only place of safety was his little tower in the middle of the Rhine ; and he set off for it immediately. But the rats followed him. They swam across the river, and poured into the tower, and when the Bishop's followers came to see what had become of him, they found only the remains of his body, which had been torn and devoured by the terrible army of rats.

This is the story that is told of the tower : I would not answer for its being quite true ; but it shows how in former days people believed, as we do now, that the judgment of God will fall upon the cruel and hard-hearted.

We were all tolerably tired by the middle of the day, and not sorry to think that we should leave the steamer and go the rest of our journey by railway ;

especially as there was a nope of getting warm then. It was so cold on the water, that I stood by the chimney of the steam-vessel to warm myself. We had a curious collection of people on board. I was amused part of the time listening to the conversation of a Spaniard, from Spanish America, and a German, both trying to speak English, and speaking it very badly. The German evidently thought himself a very clever person. He talked a great deal about books, and offered to converse with the Spaniard in Latin. He thought the English knew a good deal about Latin, but the Germans, he said, were cleverer. The Spaniard was a dark looking man, who seemed as if he would get angry in a minute.

Shortly before we reached Mayence, where we intended to go on shore, the steamer stopped at a place called Biberich, where there was a very handsome palace, belonging to the Duke of Nassau. Some of the passengers then left the steam-boat, and said they were going on by the railway; but the captain of the vessel assured us that there was no occasion for us to do the same, as there was a station at Cassel, a little place opposite to Mayence, and we might just as well go on as far as that in the steam-vessel. So we went on, and soon came in front of Mayence, a very handsome looking place, the houses built of a red stone, tall, and of the same height, and with fine towers, and churches rising up from amongst them. But we saw nothing more, for Cassel, where we landed, was on the opposite side of the river, and we were obliged to hurry away as fast as we could to the railway station.

It is the custom in Germany to weigh all the great trunks and carpet bags, which travellers carry with them, and make a charge for them. Parcels and little

baskets or bags which can be carried in the hand, are not charged for. Whilst this weighing was going forward, I sat down in the waiting room with one of my friends, and began to amuse myself with reading the German directions for the railways, and the instructions how persons were to manage who wished to travel from Germany to see the Great Exhibition in London. Presently, my friend turned to me and said, "I hope we shall not be late, but there is a train just ready to set off." I felt a little uncomfortable, but supposed it would all be right, when, to my disappointment, a few minutes afterwards, in came Lady H——, saying, that the steam-boat had arrived so late, and the men at the station had been so long weighing the luggage, that the train was gone without us. I cannot say how vexed we all felt. We had intended to go to Frankfort first, and from thence to Heidelberg, where the two gentlemen of our party were to meet us. Now this plan was impossible; the next train to Frankfort would not start for two or three hours, and it would be too late then to proceed to Heidelberg; the two gentlemen would, in consequence, be uncomfortable at our not appearing, and we should be obliged to go on the next morning.

There was nothing, however, to do, but to try and be patient under our disappointment; and, after having our dinner at an hotel near the railway station, we went back to the waiting-room, to amuse ourselves as well as we could till the next train started. Some of the party were tired, or I think we should have gone over the bridge of boats which crosses the Rhine between Mayence and Cassel, and have walked a little about Mayence. At Cassel itself there was nothing to be seen.

We were in the railway-carriage soon after six, and reached Frankfort in about an hour's time. It was not at all a pretty country which we passed through, but, like a great part of Germany, quite flat, without woods or hills, and cut up into patches of vineyards, potatoes, corn, rye, and other grain, all very useful to the people, but not very pretty to look at. There are, in fact, few large farms and estates in Germany, compared with those in England. The land is chiefly divided into small lots, and almost every poor person has a portion for his own. When a man dies, his piece of land is divided, and the portion for each child is, therefore, likely to be extremely small, so that in time this division becomes an inconvenience. There seem to be scarcely any large houses in this part of Germany, and a park is a thing not known. The largest place I have seen is on the banks of the Rhine. It is a house which was given by the Emperor of Austria, to one of his great nobles, Prince Metternich. The place is called Johannisberg. It is famous for a vineyard, producing a peculiar kind of grape, the wine of which is celebrated all over Europe. There was a large house with woods at Johannisberg, but it is the only grand place I have seen, except the Duke of Nassau's palace at Biberich.

We arrived at Frankfort too late to see it well; for the greater number of the shops were shut. It is a very fine town, and the people who live there, and carry on trade with different countries, are some of the richest in Germany. It is also what is called a free city; that is, it does not belong to any particular German state, but as it were to all together. It has a little government of its own, and land belonging to it, about as much as would occupy ten English miles

all round it. Several kinds of soldiers are to be seen walking in the streets in their different uniforms,—Prussians, Austrians, Bavarians, &c.,—for the town is not strong enough to protect itself. A little while ago there was a great idea of making a change in the government of Germany, and persons from the various states of Germany met at Frankfort to settle about it.

A citizen of Frankfort is considered a person of great consequence.

We drove about the town, and went into one or two of the shops which were open. They are very handsome, like London shops, but the old parts of the town are most strange. Such very tall houses, with the upper stories projecting beyond the lower ones, and making it appear as if the houses on the opposite sides of the streets would meet. And so very dirty they are, and crowded with people ! It was extremely interesting to go through them, but it must be very uncomfortable to live in them. There are a great many Jews in Frankfort, and they live in a very old dirty part of the town by themselves ; but they are often some of the richest people in the city. Until a few years they used to be treated very hardly ; for there were gates to the part of the town in which they lived, and they were not allowed to go either in or out after certain fixed hours. There was also a very severe law which ordered that only thirteen Jewish marriages should be allowed to take place in the course of a year. The newer parts of the town are very handsome, particularly a street called the Zeil. I noticed especially the size of the hotels. One there was which had a hundred windows in the side facing the street alone.

One of the nicest things about Frankfort is, that there are public gardens, with trees and walks, all round it. There are no gates to these gardens, but they are shut in by a paling and a hedge, and there are open spaces left for persons to go in and out.

Our hotel at Frankfort was so full that we could not have bed-rooms except at the very top, and extremely tiring it was to go to them; but we had a good view of the town from being so high, and that was of some consequence to me as we were to be there such a short time.

It was extremely unlike Sunday the next day, when we were obliged to set off in the railway again; but our friends would have been very uneasy if we had delayed. We therefore got up at six o'clock, and left Frankfort at seven, so as to be at Heidelberg early, and not disturb the day more than was necessary. I was very tired and sleepy all the way; but for that I should have enjoyed the journey, as far as the view went, for it is one of the prettiest railways in Europe. It goes by what is called the Berg Strasse, or Mountain Road, because there is a range of hills near it, a great part of the way. They are covered with wood, and with little villages beneath; and here and there an old tower is to be seen on the top, like the towers on the Rhine. In one respect the country reminded me of England; — there were more roads and paths to be seen. In the other parts of Germany which we have passed through, there have been very few lanes amongst the fields, and I have always had an uncomfortable feeling in looking at them, as if I could not get from one part to another without walking amongst corn or jumping over ditches.

We arrived at Heidelberg early, though not quite in time for the morning service at the English Chapel. I was almost too tired to enjoy being here at first, and we had a very long dinner at the table d'hôte, and a great noise, which nearly distracted me, and made me feel quite ill. But a little rest, and the afternoon service, which we went to, quite refreshed me, and in the evening I had a delightful walk to the ruins of the castle that stands above the town, and about which I must now tell you something more. Part of my journal has been written whilst sitting in the garden of the castle. I walked up this morning before breakfast, with one of my friends who was wishing to sketch. As we sat on one of the terraces the ruins were before me;—a long range of beautiful buildings, carved and ornamented, with a high broken tower at one end, and the blue sky and the green woods of the neighbouring hills, to be seen through the empty arches. The town of Heidelberg and the river Neckar were just below us; in the distance were corn-fields, and vineyards, and plains, stretching on and on, till they were ended by a faint blue track, which showed where the Rhine was flowing towards the sea; whilst still beyond were hills rising one behind another, like clouds in the evening sky. Such is Heidelberg Castle. It was once a palace for the princes who governed a portion of Germany called the Palatinate of the Rhine, but which now forms part of the dominions of the Grand Duke of Baden. It has since become ruinous and deserted; for it has been attacked by fierce soldiers, and the walls have been beaten down, and the beautiful ornaments destroyed; yet it is still very grand in itself, and very lovely in its situation, and amongst the many things I am likely to remember

with delight all my life the Palace of Heidelberg is certainly one.

The town is quite close to the castle. It is tolerably large, and famous, like Bonn, as being a University, where young men come to study. But it is the castle which is the great attraction for visitors. One part of it is especially interesting to English people. One of our princesses lived here, — Elizabeth, the daughter of James the First. She married a German Prince, the Elector Palatine, whose palace was this Castle of Heidelberg. She was a beautiful woman, very fond of power and grandeur. There were great disturbances in Germany in those days, between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants; and the people of Bohemia, one of the small German kingdoms, who were Protestants, offered to make the Elector Palatine their king, for he was a Protestant also. The princess so longed to be a queen, that she persuaded her husband to accept the offer, saying: that it was better to eat dry bread at a king's table, than to feast at the board of an elector. And he was made king, and she was a queen; but wars and troubles without number followed, and at last they were driven from their thrones, and obliged even to beg for bread.

The remains of her garden, and of the rooms which she inhabited are still to be seen, together with an arch, which was put up in the course of one night, to welcome her to her German home. It seems when one looks at it, that she must often have sighed at the sad exchange which she made when she chose the grandeur of the throne of Bohemia, instead of her lovely and peaceful palace at Heidelberg.

We have spent nearly the whole of this day (Monday) at the castle, sitting out of doors, on the grass,

beneath the walls. The rain, however, has not quite left us, for we had one great thunder shower, which I am afraid may prevent our going for a drive in the evening. We have made acquaintance with a lady and gentleman who are living in some rooms in the castle for the summer. I could almost envy them such a pleasant home; for it must be one of the nicest places possible to stay in in hot weather, — such large cool rooms, and such beautiful views all round! This habitable part of the castle, however, is very small; by far the larger portion is a complete ruin. Our friends dine at a table d'hôte, provided in a small building erected in the garden of the castle for the convenience of visitors. It is not so much the custom in Germany, as it is in England, for persons in lodgings to buy things for themselves; but they dine, generally, at some table d'hôte at an hotel, or else the dinner is sent to them ready cooked.

I must not forget to tell you that we are in a Protestant part of Germany now. At Coblenz, half the people were Protestants and half Roman Catholics.

Tuesday, July 15. — I meant to have written my journal again at the castle before breakfast, but though I went up there and stayed whilst my friend was sketching, we had not as much time as we had yesterday.

It is a great temptation to go out before breakfast, to see the beautiful view from the castle; but it is rather a fatiguing walk, the hill is so very steep. Yesterday we went up in a carriage. All the public carriages here have two horses: they would not else be able to get up the hill. Coming down, it was really very like going down the tiles of the roof of the house, for the road is paved with small stones the

whole way. I think the little bit of street going up to the castle is one of the most curious things in the place. On Sunday evening, as we went up, it struck me particularly: there were such very odd old dirty houses on each side of the narrow way, and such grim faces peeping out of the windows. I have been told that Heidelberg is remarkable for the number of poor people who are idiots, and that many of them have a dreadful swelling at the throat called a goître. Both these things are common in many parts of Switzerland, and they often afflict the same person. It is not exactly known what they proceed from, but it is sometimes supposed that the goître is caused by the water which the people drink being bad. Certainly the ugly faces that I saw in this one street were very remarkable; some peering out from the upper casements, others appearing at the open doorways. The little rooms which I could see into were dark, and low, and dirty; but there were flowers in the windows still, and the old doorways were many of them carved and ornamented,—a strange mixture of dirt and beauty, which is seen much more frequently abroad than in England.

I had not time, yesterday, to describe all we saw in going over the castle, but I must try now. We wandered from one ruined room to another, and through passages, and up broken staircases; and sometimes I stopped and tried to imagine what the palace must once have been, but it is scarcely possible to do so thoroughly. The walls, indeed, are standing strong and firm, the stone-work of the high, deep-set windows is unbroken, the fireplaces are clearly marked, and the doorways, carved with leaves, and fruits, and flowers, are quite perfect; but the once smooth floor is

now a court overgrown with grass, and tall trees have sprung up to the height of the upper chambers, and the sky and the clouds are seen above one's head. It is very sad, but very beautiful; and most sad when one sees, as I saw yesterday, the picture of the princes and princesses who once inhabited Heidelberg, and no doubt prided themselves upon its strength and beauty, and whose glory has long passed away with the glory of their ancient home. It makes one feel, more than ever, how really nothing all earthly grandeur is.

These pictures are kept in a part of the castle fitted up especially for them. There are a great number. The daughter of James the First, "the English Princess," as the Heidelberg people call her, is amongst them; but her face is not beautiful, as in some other pictures I have seen, taken when she was young. Perhaps, when the Heidelberg picture was painted, she had begun to be discontented with her rank, and to long for the crown which was to bring her to poverty and ruin. At least her countenance seemed to me that of a person who would have strong wishes and harsh feelings, and would not know how to command them. The most beautiful part of the castle was built by Otto Henry, a prince who lived about the time of the English Queen Mary. He was very clever, and extremely fond of all things lovely and graceful, and, wishing to ornament his palace, he sent for sculptors from Italy, who were famous for their skill. The figures which they carved are still complete in their beauty, and on the very summit of the ruined chambers there are two which stand up against the sky, like silent guards, watching over the deserted ruins. They may have given some pleasure to the prince, when he saw them adding to the

grandeur of his palace; but his greatness was not to be envied, for his people dreaded and disliked him, and he lived in continual fear of being poisoned.

Many things are kept in the castle as curiosities, besides the pictures. Some are old swords, and bows, and cannon balls found amongst the ruins, after the walls had been broken down by the armies who besieged it; others are things which have been petrified, or turned into stone by the waters of the Neckar. We had a most civil little German girl to show us over the picture rooms. She knitted diligently, as she went from picture to picture, telling us all she knew about them, and trying to speak plainly, that I might understand her. She had a great wish, she said, to learn English, but she knew very little of it; and every now and then she would ask us to give her the English words, and pronounce them carefully after us:—cannon ball was a name she particularly tried to remember, as there were several which she was in the habit of showing amongst the curiosities. We had another girl to show us over a different part of the castle; so different she was, so bold and careless!—it quite annoyed me to see her. She took us into the chapel, and seemed to take pleasure in humming an Italian tune whilst, we were in it, as if she had no thought of its being a sacred place. There was a figure in the chapel, at the lower end, of a priest in his robes, with his face pale and stiff, as it would be in death. It was startling to look at it, but the girl pointed it out as a common thing, and told us it was the figure of a Capuchin monk, or a priest belonging to a set of men called Capuchins, who are Roman Catholics, and bind themselves by vows to live according to certain rules.

The Castle of Heidelberg was once struck by lightning, and a great part of it was burnt. The old chapel was destroyed at that time. We passed over it on our way to the new one, which was built afterwards. Planks were placed across the walls for us to walk over, and it gave me rather a feeling of fear, to look down from them. The building below was dark, for it was roughly roofed in, and scarcely any light could come to it. I had a remembrance when I was a child of constantly dreaming that I was going over such a place, and it was strange to have my dream brought back to me at Heidelberg. The disagreeable girl I mentioned before, showed us what had been the apartments of the English princess. Her dining room is still perfect in its form, though the centre is over-grown with shrubs. There are windows on each side. From those towards the west she must have looked upon the wooded hills on which the castle stands, with the town beneath her, and the plain, with the Rhine and the misty hills beyond it; whilst, from the opposite side, she could see the courtyard of the castle, with the beautiful buildings which the prince who lived there before her had taken such pains to ornament. The oldest part of the castle was built about the year 1300, the time of our Edward the First. It is full of dark, low passages and arches, some of them leading to a dismal dungeon, without air or light, where no doubt many a poor prisoner has passed mournful days and dreary nights. It was seven o'clock before we had seen all we wanted to see, and then we had talked of going for a drive, but it came on to rain, and we had nothing to do but to return to the hotel as well as we could. Even when seeing beautiful castles, one cannot go all day

without rest or food,—so I must tell you that we dined at the castle at the table-d'hôte. It was a very long dinner, for there were few people to wait, and a great many to be waited upon, and we had there fore plenty of time to look about. The Germans eat their vegetables alone, not with the meat, as we do. After the broth, which always comes first, they hand round potatoes. A lady next me took some potatoes with a little butter, and I was exceedingly amused to see her afterwards help herself to some meat, and butter it carefully, just as if it was a piece of bread.

To-day, Tuesday, I went up to the castle for a short time in the morning, but was not able to see much. The weather was misty and rainy, yet we managed to go for a drive in the afternoon. Driving in this part of the world is really rather alarming. Our road passed by the castle, and we went up there first in a carriage, and then had to set off again with the horses standing half way up the hill; and instead of going forwards, they took it into their heads to go backwards. I really think I should have done the same in their position, for it was a most awkward place to start from, though we had a third horse to help us. We set off at last, a boy seizing the front horse, and dragging it on, and the coachman flogging those behind. When we were once off, it all did very well, and we had a most lovely drive along the side of the wooded hill above the castle and the Neckar, to Wolf's Brunnen, or Wolf's Well, so called from an old story of a witch who is said to have once lived there, and to have been torn to pieces by a wolf. The Heidelberg people often go to Wolf's Brunnen when they want a holiday, and of course they sit out of doors there,

and drink beer, for that every one does in Germany. There was nothing very particular to be seen at Wolf's Brunnen besides the pretty country; only a rather pretty inn, and two ponds with some wonderfully large trout, which are fed carefully with some little fish taken from the Neckar.

We drank tea rather earlier than usual, and went for a walk afterwards along the banks of the Neckar, opposite to the castle. A most lovely walk it was, and I enjoyed it extremely. It was like being at home to take a country walk, and yet every thing was new, and beautiful, and interesting. We went rather a long way, and then, though it was getting dusk, we turned up a little stony rough road, to see if we could get upon the hill, and look over the river. It seemed, after a time, that we were wandering into private grounds, for there was a good path, with seats placed for people to sit and enjoy the view; and we therefore thought it better to turn back there. It must be extremely lovely in the day time, for there must be a view a considerable way down the Neckar, and over the plains to the Rhine, and the hills in the distance. Before we reached home again it was nearly dark. The houses along the bank of the river, with the lights shining in the windows, looked very cheerful; and there were glow-worms to remind me of England and home. Altogether it was a walk I shall remember.

Wednesday. — We were to have left Heidelberg to-day, but we like the place so much that we have agreed to stay till to-morrow. It is fortunate that we have done so, for it is a rainy day, and to have been on board the steamer, going up the river Neckar, would have been very unpleasant. We have not been doing much besides packing, but we managed to go up

to the castle in the afternoon. I went again to the picture-room, and had a long talk with the little German girl. She amused me very much with her anxiety to learn English, and to teach me German. I made her read some English to me, and it seemed strange the difficulty she had with some words. The most difficult of all was "the." She could not at all understand how to pronounce the *th*.

She told me that she was a servant in the family of the gentleman to whom the castle pictures belonged. He lives at Heidelberg, but he is a Frenchman, and he teaches her French. The young girl said that it was much more difficult to learn French than English; but she has not much opportunity of learning English, for when English people come to look at the pictures they do not talk as much as French people.

She was always very busy, she said, for there was a great deal of sewing to do at home, but she would be very sorry to have less, as she was sure it was the way to be contented. Next winter, when she will not be obliged to be at the castle, as there will be few visitors to see it, she means to learn English. We parted with the hope that if we met again she would be able to speak English, and I should be able to speak German.

Some other people who have the charge of part of the castle, seemed, like her, quite like friends before we went away. One of the gentlemen of our party sprained his foot, in clambering over the walls, and they were as kind and attentive as possible. They knew Lady H——, because she had been at Heidelberg before; and when we went away, it was difficult to make them take any thing in return for their kindness. In fact all they would accept, was a small sum to buy a paint-

box for one of the little boys of the family, who was fond of drawing.

We took our last walk round the castle before we went away. Some parts I had not seen before. They were all very lovely, the walls deep and thick, and often beautifully carved, and covered with creepers; and the tall trees crowding up the banks and the trenches; and the river and the woods below, seen through the bright green leaves. The antyrrhinum, which is so common amongst the rocks and the gardens at Bonchurch, grows all over the walls, and looks particularly pretty mixing with the rough red stones. Amongst other things in our walk, we came upon a long hollow passage in the thickness of one of the castle walls, which looked as if it must have been a secret passage from a tower, by which persons might escape without being seen. The whole place is full of such odd passages, and low rooms and arches.

One tower is known by the name of the "Broken Tower." It was destroyed in one of the wars, being blown up with gunpowder. The walls were so strong that, instead of crumbling to pieces, an enormous portion fell off at once, and lies in the trench below, like a great rock, overgrown with creepers. I had a fancy, when I first saw it, that I could take it up in my hands, and mend the tower, as I would mend broken china, it seemed to fit so exactly. There has been a great deal of fighting from time to time at Heidelberg. Even two or three years ago there were great disturbances in the country; and the woman of the house where Lady H—— lived when she was last here, told us, when we went to see her this afternoon, that she had been obliged to have soldiers in her house, and to feed and take care of them without payment. They were very

civil, she said, but they were in and out all day, and always wanting her to cook something for them. She seemed, very naturally, to have a great horror of revolutions.

Her house has a beautiful view from it, and in the time of the disturbances, she could see across the river to the place where the fighting was going on, and watch the dead and the wounded brought into the town in waggons.

Amongst the other curiosities of Heidelberg, I must not forget to mention an enormous tun, or cask, kept in a cellar underneath the castle. It was made about a hundred years ago, and is the largest wine cask in the world. It is thirty-six feet long, and twenty-four feet high, and can hold as much as 283,200 bottles.

In former days, when the grape gathering season was over, and wine enough made to fill the cask, it was the custom to celebrate the occasion by dancing on the top of the great Heidelberg tun.

To-morrow, we think of leaving Heidelberg. I shall enjoy seeing other places I have no doubt; but I shall always think of this with peculiar delight.

HEILBRONN : *Hôtel der Sonne* (Sun Hotel). *Thursday, July 17.* — At seven this morning we went on board a small steamer, which was to carry us up the river Neckar to Heilbronn. A most curious little machine it was; so small, that there was no place between the cabin and the side of the vessel. It was made on purpose to go in very shallow water. We had left the hotel before breakfast, and certainly it seemed, at first, as if we had no chance of getting any on board the steamer. Where it was to come from I could not

think, but up in a corner there was a wonderful little kitchen, with a still more wonderful little German boy, who was able to get us every thing we wanted. The weather was warmer than when we were on the Rhine, though it was still misty and showery. We had the steamer almost to ourselves, and the views were exceedingly pretty nearly the whole way; something like the Rhine, only the hills not quite so high, and the river not so broad. There were several castles, and a great many little villages, strange, out-of-the-way looking places. Now and then we stopped at them, but scarcely any one came on board. The only companions we had were some very pleasant persons, who came from Holstein, in the north of Germany—a gentleman and lady, and their daughter, all travelling to Switzerland. We talked a good deal to the young lady, for she spoke English, and was very willing to help us in speaking German. She told us a good many things about Holstein, and the wars which have been going on there lately between Denmark, Holstein, and Schleswig. A war in a foreign country does not interest us much when first we hear of it; but, when I was talking to this young lady, I began to understand how sad it must be to live in the midst of one. She said that one of her brothers was at school when the war commenced, but he wished very much to fight for his country, and he persuaded his father to let him go with the army. When the battles began, they heard nothing about him for some time, and they had sad fears lest he should have been killed; but at last, to their delight, a letter came saying that he was safe. Her eyes sparkled when she told us this, and she spoke so earnestly, I could feel myself how very thankful she must have been. None

of her relations, she said, had been killed, but several of her acquaintances; one was the husband of a lady who was only just married, and who would not believe any harm could happen to her husband until he was brought back to her dead. They must have been terrible years, and even now the people are in great distress. Holstein, this young lady told me, was very like England, only very flat. They have hedges there, and large trees. The manners and customs of the people are, in some respects, more like ours than like those of Germany. She had a great notion of the English people being happy and well governed, and certainly all she said made me feel that we have a great deal to be thankful for. Our little German cook amused us very much. He left the steamer without our knowing it, when we were stopping at one of the villages, and presently came back laughing, and assuring us he had got all sorts of things for us, and he was sure we should be quite satisfied with our dinner, and so we were; and the little cook rushed about from one to another, handing the dishes, and getting all that was needed, and nodding his head whenever we asked him to bring us any thing, till really I could scarcely help laughing in his face.

The castles on the Neckar, which I saw, chiefly belonged, in the old times, to a kind of robber chiefs—men who were rich and powerful, and could assist in great wars, and yet would go out and plunder any wealthy person who came in their way, and carry away their neighbours' goods. One of the castles must have been a most safe place for any one to live in, standing on the very top of an exceedingly high rock, with steep cliffs nearly all round it, so that it

must have been very difficult to get at it. It is called by the peasants, "The Swallow's Nest."

We arrived at Heilbronn rather late, and parted from our Holstein friends as we left the steam-boat, for they were not going to the same hotel as ourselves. I felt as if I had been having quite a German lesson from the young lady, she had helped me so much in conversation. She told me her name and where she lived, and when I said in return that I hoped I might see her if ever she came to England, she assured me that she had heard of Bonchurch, and thought it must be wonderfully beautiful. Her mamma spoke a little English too, and wished us, in German, a happy journey, in a kind, earnest, pleasant voice, which I shall long remember.

Heilbronn is a strange place. We came into it by crossing a covered bridge over the Neckar. This kind of bridge is very common abroad. It is roofed in, and there are some open spaces at the side to look out at, as if it were a room. It has been misty and rainy all day, and the streets of Heilbronn were full of mud. There were numbers of people about, but I did not see any carriages or fine streets, only a number of narrow ones, with very old houses, some ornamented, and with flowers in the windows as usual, and strange little projecting balconies. And all so dirty! Even in good weather it must be a dirty place, and to-day it looked actually grim.

It seemed strange to me, as we came into Heilbronn this evening, to see a cart full of people just setting off to go back into the country. They looked as if they had been spending the day in the town, for some friends came with them to the cart and were very affectionate in wishing them good-bye. These little

things make one feel how all the world are alike, whether in England or elsewhere.

It is after eleven o'clock, so it certainly is time to go to bed. This bed-room of mine has no carpet, and the floor is marked in a great square pattern of dark wood, which I like better in the summer. Carpets are not at all common in Germany, either in the bed-rooms or the sitting rooms.

ULM: *Gasthof von Rade*, or *Wheel Hotel*. July 18th.

—We have had a long railway journey from Heilbronn to Ulm, and really a very pleasant one. Our places were taken in a first class carriage, but it was not half as comfortable as the second class, which some of us soon moved into. The railway carriages we have seen lately are like little rooms. The best carriages have a table in the middle, and comfortable seats all round. A door opens from them into the second class, and one can look down the length of the carriage upon rows and rows of seats filled with people, and walk through the midst of them to the other end without getting out. The second class seats to-day were much better for seeing the view than the first class, and there was no smoking going on, as there is generally. Our Holstein friends were in the same carriage with us part of the way, but I was not near enough to talk to them, and they left us at Stuttgart.

I had made up my mind that the road would be very ugly, so I was all the more pleased when we found it extremely pretty. We travelled a long way by the river Neckar, which went winding along by

our side, and was crossed by pretty wooden bridges; and the country was cheerful and pleasant, with hills in the distance. There are an immense number of fruit trees in this part of Germany. Walnut, cherry, pear trees, and others, are to be seen everywhere. It is like going through a continual orchard. Sometimes the fruit trees are planted all over the fields; corn, rye, and different kinds of grain growing beneath them.

We were at Stuttgart, the capital of Würtemberg, before I at all expected it. It is a very handsome looking place, as far as we could see, with large straight rows of houses, and good streets and gardens; but we did not go into the town at all, for we had only time to have some luncheon at the railway station. I was much amused with the German notion of what we call a sandwich. Instead of thin slices of bread and butter, nicely cut, with small bits of meat between, we had thick rolls divided in halves and one large piece of meat within, which it was difficult to eat without a knife and fork. One never sees any thing like an English loaf. The bread is generally very long and round, sometimes it is in the shape of a ring: and the butter comes to table in most odd shapes—at Heidelberg it used to be just like a flat fish. After leaving Stuttgart the road grew prettier and prettier. We had books with us, but we did not at all care to read them. The hills grew higher and more woody; beautiful bits of grey rock peeped out from amongst them, and a narrow stream flowed through the valley. Now and then the hills opened, and gave us a view far away into the country beyond; and then they came quite close, and there was only room for the little stream between us and them. We passed many cu-

rious villages, and sometimes an old tower appeared perched on the sharp point of a steep hill. I observed more pasture land than I have yet seen in Germany, and here and there the sides of the hills were green and smooth, and dotted with trees, like the beautiful parts of a park in England. The railway at last went along a terrace cut out of the hill, and then it ascended by degrees till at last we were at the top of the hills, and the pretty country ended, and it was all bare, and dreary, and flat, till we came to Ulm. The lovely country I have been describing forms part of what is sometimes called the Swabian Alps. Swabia was an old name for a portion of Germany which was called the Circle of Swabia; another part was called the Circle of Westphalia, another the Circle of the Rhine, &c. Ulm is in Würtemberg, and certainly is a strange old town, and one of the strangest places in it is the hotel in which we are. Such long, low passages, and wide staircases; and large unfurnished rooms, with doors at every corner; and the horses and carts, and men and women, all coming in by the same entrance. The public room, or "salon," where we drank tea, was inside another, which was very large, scantily furnished, and with a row of low arches at the further end. The house looks as if it must have been built hundreds of years ago, and the town is just like it, dirtier than can be imagined, but full of old houses, and windows, and roofs, which would make the prettiest pictures possible. A German town, though, ought to be a clean place, for there are generally fountains of water in some of the open squares, and very pretty they are, with a figure standing up in the centre, and the water pouring out at the four sides; but, somehow, the water makes neither the towns nor the people

clean. The chief thing to be seen at Ulm is the Cathedral. It is a Protestant church, not a Roman Catholic. There are seats in the Protestant churches as there are in ours; fixed benches I mean. The pulpit is generally at the lower end, or in the middle; and the seats which are above the pulpit, face downwards, and so turn away from the altar at the east end. It is so in this great church at Ulm, and we observed the same this morning at Heilbronn Church, which we went to see before we set off for Ulm. The pulpit there was very curiously carved, with a figure of Sampson supporting it. I observed, also, that there were names put to every seat, as if each person had his own place. I liked Ulm Cathedral very much, but it is not by any means so beautiful as Antwerp or Cologne; though the painted glass at the east end, which is very old, seemed to be particularly well done. There were some parts of the church locked up; they were what are called chapels—little churches, as it were, built on to, or belonging to the great one. In Roman Catholic churches there are generally a great many, and persons go and say their prayers in whichever chapel they like. They are not used in Protestant churches. In going into the Cathedral this evening we were obliged to pass through a house joining it, belonging to the person who kept the keys of the church. I took particular notice of the room we went into, and it struck me as very neat and nice. Pictures were hung against the walls, and there were flowers, I think, in it, and a little boy seated at a table drawing from a print; altogether it looked quite as comfortable as an English room. We have been buying some pretty little boxes and ornaments cut in ivory this evening. A great many are

made at Ulm and at one of the villages near. Some were brought to us when we were in the railroad, and this evening we procured others from an old woman whose husband supports himself by making them. Ulm is also famous for snails of a peculiar kind, which are considered good to eat, though I cannot say I should fancy eating them myself. They are collected in the neighbourhood of the town, and are fed and fattened, and then packed in casks and sent away to different countries, especially to Austria. They are considered a great delicacy, and it is said that as many as four millions are sent away every year. Ulm was once a very prosperous place, so much so indeed, that an old German proverb says, that "the gold of Ulm rules the world;" but the trade has been very much less during the last two hundred years.

We hope to go on to Munich, the capital of Bavaria, to-morrow, taking with us only our carpet bags, and leaving the rest of our luggage to the care of the lady's maid.

MUNICH: *Saturday Night, July 19th.*—We have had a very long day's journey and are extremely tired, so I must put down as quickly as I can all we have been doing. There is no railroad between Ulm and Munich—or at least only for a very small part of the way, quite at the end—so we were obliged to go in carriages. We had two to take the whole party; and a very pleasant change it was from the railroad. Half-past seven was our hour for starting. We were to go forty miles with the same horses, so of course, they

were to stop and rest in the middle of the day. It was a very chilly morning, not in the least like July; I could have borne all kinds of shawls and cloaks and thought it comfortable. The road just out of Ulm crossed the Danube: it was my first glimpse of it; and though it was neither very broad nor very beautiful, I liked to think that it was the Danube which I had so often found in maps, and never thought I should see. Then we had to go by some thick walls, and under arches, — for Ulm is a fortified town, — and after that we were in the open country, and in the kingdom of Bavaria. Ulm itself is in Würtemberg. A very cold, dreary drive we had then for miles and miles — at least it would have been dreary if everything had not been so new, and it had not been so early in the morning. One feels very differently when travelling in the morning, compared with the evening. There was enough to amuse us too, at first, in the people going to market; — men and women driving along in little carts; — the women with red handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and perhaps a little child with them, dressed in its best clothes. German carts are very pretty; the wood work at the sides is open, which makes them extremely light; and they are much wider at the top than they are at the bottom. We saw no cattle; that is one of the things one misses most in Germany. The cows and oxen are kept in stables, except when the oxen are at the plough, or employed in drawing carts and waggons like horses, which is the common practice. They tie them together in the most uncomfortable way by the horns. A friend of mine told me he had heard of their being kept to work all day; and before they went to work, and when they returned, being taken out for a walk,

as we should take children out. I do not know, though, that this is a usual custom. We passed through several small towns and villages, all wonderfully dirty, and extremely pretty, with flowers at the balconies of the windows. We also saw strange signs hung out at the shops and the little inns. At one place I observed three sheeps' tails as a sign. Every now and then we stopped to rest the horses: and at one place I went into a shop and bought some bread. The man who kept the shop took a good deal of interest in our proceedings. He supposed we were going to Vienna; but when we said we were travelling to Switzerland and Italy, he held up his hands in astonishment, and seemed to think it a surprisingly long way to go. We dined in the middle of the day at a small country inn. The master of the inn tried to speak French — it was the very drollest kind of French I ever heard — but he informed us that he could give us a grand dinner, and laughed, and welcomed us with the greatest delight. His inn was very clean, which is more than can be said of most German inns. One of my friends began to draw the little street with a tower at the end, and we all occupied ourselves as we liked till the grand dinner was ready; I amused myself partly with looking about the room, which was hung with pictures of Napoleon, the Emperor of France, who fought so many battles, and conquered so many countries, not many years ago. Our landlord evidently had a great fancy for him, and as I was standing, looking at the print, I was startled by hearing him say in a loud voice: "Napoleon der Grosse," or Napoleon the Great; a name I should never have thought that he or any German would have been inclined to give to Napoleon, for he was the cause of great mischief to

their country. There was also a print of Napoleon's son; and Napoleon the Second, was written underneath, though he never came to the throne. I must say our landlord kept his promise, and gave us a very good dinner, and paid us every attention, following us to the carriages, when we went away, with fine speeches, in surprisingly bad French. We had a long drive after dinner, and not a very pretty country, though it was rather better than at first. There were more green meadows, but no cattle feeding in them. Sometimes we could see to a great distance, and often there were woods near the road; but altogether it was a dull country, and looked as if it must be bitterly cold in winter. Indeed, they say that in some parts of Bavaria it is nearly as cold as at Stockholm in the winter time. One thing extremely striking to an English person, which is very common in Germany, and indeed everywhere abroad, is, that at the road side, crosses and crucifixes are continually set up. Often, also, there are pictures of sacred subjects, enclosed in a little chapel, the front of which is open to the road; or else they are placed on a high post, with a framework at the top to protect them from the weather. One place, where we stopped to rest the horses, interested me, because it was more like an English farm-house than any thing I had seen. There was a yard, with barns round it, and ducks and pigeons, and heaps of wood piled up. I was wandering about by myself, when, on looking into one of the barns, I espied three German girls seated in a corner, and employed in beating out flax. The German women occupy themselves very much in such ways; and I believe a great part of the stuff their clothes are made of is spun by themselves in the winter. These three girls looked very

merry, and very much amused at seeing me appear at the barn door, and they began to talk to me ; but it was a most odd language to my ears, and all I could say was that I did not understand. At last I did make out that one of them asked for money, which rather vexed me, for I liked the appearance of the girls too much to wish them to be beggars, and I should have had pleasure in giving them a trifle if they had said nothing about it.

In one part of our journey to day we met a party of young men, who are what we should call travelling journeymen. There is an ancient custom in Germany, by which apprentices who wish to be free, and to become masters in their trades, are required to spend a certain number of years first in travelling. When one of these apprentices sets out on his journey, he is provided with a book in which he is to keep an account of his wanderings ; and all persons who may happen to employ him on the road, put down in this book their opinion of his conduct whilst working for them. Wherever he wishes to stop, he goes to the persons who are of the same trade as himself, and they provide him with work, if it is to be had ; if not, they give him shelter for the night, and a straw bed perhaps to sleep on, and a little money to help him on the road, and the next morning he sets off again. And so he travels on as he can, from place to place, till the term of his wanderings is over. Then he returns home, and is called upon to give a specimen of his skill in his trade, and if it is approved of, he receives his freedom and sets up for himself. It is always usual to give something to these young apprentices when they are met on the road, in order to assist them in paying their expenses. This custom of travelling

enables them to speak several languages, and makes them very intelligent.

We reached Augsburg, from whence we were to proceed by railway to Munich, about half-past six, but we could see nothing scarcely of the place, for we had only time to drive to the railway station. One thing I remarked, much to my satisfaction, in a meadow near the town. A number of cows were feeding there, and they really made the country look quite different from what it was in other parts. The cows, though, were carefully watched, and were not allowed to go wherever they liked. Augsburg is, I believe, a very interesting place; I shall hope to see more of it if we pass by it again next week, as we talk of doing. From Augsburg to Munich we had a most fatiguing journey. We had a fancy that it might be pleasant to go in a second-class carriage, as we liked it so well when we were travelling from Heilbronn. But we made a great mistake, for the carriage was not at all like that which we were in before, but exceedingly narrow, and very crowded, and we had two ladies in it who would not allow both windows to be open, though it was excessively hot. Germans certainly have a dislike to a great deal of air, and shut up their windows whenever they can. The first thing one does on coming to an hotel, is to open the windows. What with the heat, and the fatigue, we were all thoroughly uncomfortable. I went to sleep a great part of the way, and when I was awake, the only thing that gave me real pleasure was the sight — the first sight I had ever had — of a range of snowy mountains, very far away in the Tyrol. They stood out against the pale evening sky, sharp and clear, yet very faint; and as I looked at them, I cared little for my weariness,

and thought only of the great pleasure I was enjoying, in actually beholding myself the places which I had so often longed to visit. I was only half awake when we stopped at the railway station at Munich. There was a great deal of running about, and calling, and looking after trunks and boxes, and an incessant German chattering, very noisy, and very confusing, as there always is at such places; but we were soon in the omnibus, and driving through the streets of Munich, and again I began to forget that there was such a thing as fatigue. And here we are now, at the very top of the hotel; and I have been looking down from the great height into the streets below, and upwards into the dark sky, in which the stars are shining brightly, and scarcely yet think it can be anything but a dream that I am here. There is very much to be seen in Munich, and we shall probably stay two or three days. If we were to visit everything worthy of notice we should have to remain here much longer. The last King of Bavaria, whose name was Louis, had a great taste for pictures and carvings, and made great collections of valuable objects, which are shown to strangers. He also encouraged all persons of talent, and many came to live in Munich in consequence. King Louis is living still, but a few years ago he gave up his crown to his son.

The hotel is not very far from the railway station, but it seemed as we drove through the streets, that they were very wide, and very handsome, and extremely unlike that dark, dingy Ulm, which still I have a great liking for. Perhaps, though, I ought not to call it dingy, for I saw the gayest house there that I have seen anywhere; painted in pretty patterns, and bright colours on the outside, just as we should paint

a room which we wanted to be especially beautiful. I must not forget to say that the women in the part of Germany we have just passed through, wear a very ugly head-dress, — a high comb, looking like a gilt crown, with long streamers of black ribbon hanging from it.

Monday, July 21st. — It was quite pleasant yesterday not to be obliged to get up very early and go off by a railway. I do not think one ever values being allowed to rest more than one does in travelling, however pleasant it may be. A great city, though, is not quite the place to rest in, and such a place as Munich particularly; for it is more full of bustle and gaiety on a Sunday than on any other day. In the morning, all the shops were open. In the afternoon, a great many were shut, because the people were gone out to amuse themselves. We went twice to the English Chapel, which was not at all like a church; but it was quiet and cool, and the service is always a comfort, especially in such a distracting place, and gave one a pleasant feeling of being at home in a foreign land. Going to church, however, and returning, was as unlike being in England, or at least in the country in England, as could well be imagined. Munich is the very brightest place I ever was in, and yesterday we had a most exquisite blue sky, without a cloud, to show off the broad streets, and the fine houses, and gay colours, to the very best advantage. It was like a brilliant picture more than anything real. The former king, Louis, who I told you was so fond of pictures and paintings, seems to have given the people the same sort of taste. Our hotel has painted ceilings, and ornamented walls, and every now and then one sees painted walls for the

outsides of the houses and the public buildings, which gives them a very bright appearance. Then the dress of the people is so peculiar! The women wear a kind of net for their hair, at the back of their heads, made either of gold or silver-coloured stuff, and dotted all over with spangles, which glitter as they pass along in the sunshine. King Louis was very fond of this kind of head-dress for his people, and encouraged them to wear it. It certainly is very pretty, but one cannot help wondering where they got the money to buy it. I suppose though, it lasts a long time, and they do not spend money in always buying new things, but keep this cap like a best gown, for Sundays and holidays. The old women from the country, wear an immense black velvet cap, very thick and very high, with a gilt border at the top, which has a most curious effect. We dined at the table-d'hôte between the services. It was crowded and noisy, and there was a band of music playing all kinds of dancing tunes. This, again, was entirely unlike our English notions of Sunday. After the afternoon service we went into some gardens belonging to one of the king's palaces. The day was a feast-day, in honour of St. Mary Magdalene. Crowds of people were in front of the palace, buying things at stalls, and looking at large pictures, which other persons were explaining to them. The gardens were behind the palace. The walks were very wide, and very straight, and the trees planted in regular rows. In the middle was a most beautiful fountain. The water was made to spring up into the air to an immense height,—eighty-five feet, I believe; and then it fell in the form of an arch, with a cool, gentle fresh sound, which was delicious even to hear. There was a good deal of water in the garden, always in the form

of long square ponds, with grass and straight rows of trees at the sides. There were not many people in the broad walks, but we saw a great many at the lower end, all going one way, and we followed them. They turned into a shady path, and presently we came in sight of a little building something like a church. Numbers and numbers of people were collected there, and outside the building were little tables, with pictures, and printed cards, and papers, which some old women were selling. The people went up the steps of the building, and I went with them. It was a chapel dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, and very much like what we call a grotto; for it was stuck all over with shells and stones, in the same way as summer houses are often made. In the inside there was an altar, with lights burning, and a crucifix, or an image of our Blessed Lord upon the Cross. What there was besides, I could not well see, for it was very dark, and almost all the light came through a window of crimson glass. The crowd pushed and elbowed, and it was intensely hot, so that I could not bear it long. Several people were kneeling in the little chapel, repeating prayers, or trying to repeat them; but the crowd going in and out continually, must, I should think, have entirely prevented their really attending to what they were about. When I came out of the chapel, I thought I would try and find out what the papers were which the old women were selling. They were prayers to St. Mary Magdalene. These are amongst the things which pain one in Roman Catholic countries. It was quite distressing to read the prayer through, and think that probably the poor people in the chapel were using it. There is a kind of park near the palace, not so large as the English parks, but

very pretty. People were lying about on the grass, looking extremely comfortable, and every one quiet and orderly. The dresses amused us continually. Besides the cap, I must mention a black velvet body to their gowns, which the women wear, with silver chains strung across it. The babies are the drollest things imaginable. One grand baby I saw, made into a white muslin bundle, quite square, and ornamented with pink bows. As for people drinking beer, there was no end to them. Every place where there were a few trees was crowded. Drinking beer is the common habit here as elsewhere in Germany; indeed, the quantity of beer drank in Bavaria is enormous; but it is not strong, so the people do not get intoxicated with it in the same way as they do by drinking beer and spirits in England; and after one is accustomed to the sight, it seems as natural and right for them as drinking tea is for us.

To-day (Monday), we have been seeing all kinds of things. We were obliged to have a man belonging to the town to go about with us, because many of the palaces and great buildings are only seen at certain hours, and strangers cannot well understand about it. He took us first to a chapel, belonging to one of the palaces, where there were a great many treasures kept; but we did not see them comfortably, for the person who exhibited them, talked such bad French, and was in such a hurry, that we could scarcely understand what he was showing us. There were cabinets with all sorts of things belonging to the Roman Catholic services, made of gold and silver, and precious stones, and pearls more than we could number, many of which must be very beautiful, if one could examine them closely. The thing I liked best was a

little picture, formed of wax, by a very celebrated person, — an Italian, named Michael Angelo. It represented the taking down of our Blessed Lord from the Cross. I longed to look at it again, but the man closed the cabinet in a great hurry, and I was obliged to go away. There was also a very interesting thing which had once belonged to the Queen of Scotland, Mary Stuart, who was beheaded by the order of our Queen Elizabeth. It was what is called a portable altar ; a sort of picture in marble, before which she used to kneel, and say her prayers, when she was in prison, and had no church to go to. She carried it with her to the hall of her execution, and, the moment before she laid her head on the block, gave it to one of the ladies who attended upon her. Afterwards it came into the hands of one of the princes of Bavaria. The chapel itself is quite magnificent ; the ceiling, and the floor, and the walls, are of the richest kinds of marble ; and the altar and the pipes of the organ, of solid silver.

After the chapel we went to a great picture gallery, one of the most famous in the world. The pictures were collected by King Louis, who built a sort of palace to put them in, and had them placed in order ; — all the Dutch pictures together, and all the Spanish, and all the Italian, so that people may go, and look at whichever they like best. There are but few windows at the sides of the building ; the light comes chiefly from windows in the ceiling, which shows the pictures to great advantage. We wished to look at the Italian pictures most, so we went to them at once, for it was in vain to try and see them all, as the gallery is shut up at one o'clock. It would be no good to tell you about the pictures, unless you had seen a good many, and

understood about them : but they were very beautiful. Almost all the most lovely ones were upon religious subjects, for the early painters chose them in preference to all others. Some were painted about the time when our Henry the Third and Edward the First lived, and these were very curious, stiff-looking pictures ; but the faces were extremely sweet, and the colours soft and bright ; and it seemed as if the persons who painted them must have had many holy thoughts and feelings, which enabled them to imagine lovely faces and figures, though they did not quite know how to describe them. One of the first painters who left off painting pictures in such a stiff way, was called Raphael. He was an Italian, and lived about the time of our Henry the Seventh. There was one picture of his in the gallery, of the Virgin Mary and our Blessed Lord as a little Child, which was more beautiful than almost any other. The face of the Virgin was so very sweet and pure, and seemed to tell us what a wonderful love she had for our Saviour. Another, also, of St. John the Evangelist writing his Gospel, I shall not soon forget. St. John's face was earnest, as if his whole heart was bent upon his work, and as if he knew well how infinitely important it was. This was a picture by an Italian named Guido. He lived some time after Raphael. We left the gallery without having looked at one half of the pictures, but we are to go again to-morrow. It was very fatiguing seeing them, for there were but few seats ; but we came home, and had dinner, and rested ourselves, and then we were able to go out again, to see one of the king's palaces ; not where the present king lives himself, but where there are great entertainments given, and where there are also rooms for some of the princes. This palace was

built by King Louis, and like everything else which he had anything to do with, is most splendid. The ceilings are painted in crimson, and blue, and gold, and the walls made to represent shining marble, with spaces left for immense pictures, — some representing battles, and others events in the lives of celebrated persons. I cannot say I should like to live always in such rooms, but to look at them once in a way was a great treat. In one room there were thrones placed for the king and queen, of crimson and gold, but they did not look very comfortable seats. Imitations of marble and stone-work, or what is called stucco, are very common at Munich. The houses, instead of being carved in stone, have stucco ornaments put upon them; and a church, which we went into for a minute on Sunday, was covered with it. That church I forgot to tell you about, but it struck me very much at the time. The door was open as we were passing along the streets, and we could see the whole way up the aisles to the altar; and all the length of the church were very small young birch trees, placed in pots, and growing up against the walls, to about the height of eight feet. It was really one of the prettiest things I ever saw. After visiting the king's palace, we drove a little way out of the town, by a very wide meadow, where, every year, the Bavarians assemble with their cattle, and the king gives prizes to those who have the finest. They amuse themselves afterwards with games and races. Beyond the meadow there is a new building begun, which, when it is finished, is to contain the statues and likenesses of all the learned and celebrated men in Germany. In front of the building is a statue made of dark metal called bronze, larger than I ever could have imagined. It is the figure

of a woman, with a lion at her side, standing upon a high block of stone or granite. The figure is made to represent the kingdom of Bavaria, in the same way as you must, I think, have seen a figure representing Great Britain, called Britannia. It is rather more than sixty feet high, and the pedestal or block of granite upon which it stands, is more than twenty feet. Altogether, there are ninety feet from the foot of the pedestal to the top of the head. The figure is hollow in the inside, and there is a staircase going round and round, by which you can get to the top. Eight people can sit comfortably inside the head. One of my friends and I had a great fancy to go up, and so we did go some way, but when we were as high as Bavaria's neck, we found it so intensely hot that we grew frightened, and thought if we went on we might very probably faint, which would have been extremely awkward; so we both agreed that we had better get down as fast as we could into the open air. The sun striking upon the metal, made it like a furnace or an oven in the inside. We drove back to the town afterwards, and went to a few shops, but we were rather too late to procure all we wanted, for the people in Munich shut up their shops quite early, — some of them soon after six. Amongst other places I went to a chemist's, to order some medicine, and was amused to find that it was not the custom for the people of the shops to send it where it is ordered. They expect the persons who buy to fetch it themselves, so I was obliged to despatch some one on purpose, when I had given the chemist time to make up the medicine.

Tuesday, July 22d. — This is our last night at Munich. The time I have spent here has given me great pleasure, and has left me many more things to

think of than I had before. We have spent nearly the whole of to-day in seeing pictures and statues, which I dare say you would consider rather tiresome ; but the more one sees the more one learns to like them. Some of us went to the picture gallery before breakfast, and stayed there for more than an hour. After breakfast we went to the statue gallery, and then we went back to the picture gallery again. Certainly it was very fatiguing, for, as I said before, there were very few seats, and when we did sit down we could not always see well ; yet I managed to enjoy it exceedingly. Just at the last I could scarcely bring myself to leave the picture gallery. I was sitting down, where I could see the two pictures I mentioned particularly yesterday. They seemed to grow more beautiful the more I looked at them ; and not only that, but they were pictures to make one better ; like being with very good people, who put good thoughts into one's mind. I could not bear to think that I might never see them again. The statue gallery, too, was most interesting,— such very, very old figures there were there ! The greater number had been carved several hundred years before the birth of our Saviour. St. Paul probably looked upon some, when he was at Athens, and stood upon Mars' Hill speaking to the people. And besides their being so old they were exceedingly beautiful ; so beautiful that nothing in these days is equal to them. Even the broken pieces, — part of an arm, or a leg, for instance, are so natural, that we can imagine nothing more perfect. There were some statues by persons who have lived in late years, and very lovely they were, but not equal to the ancient ones. The statue gallery is very hand-

some in itself, besides containing such exquisite figures. King Louis built it, and caused the ceilings to be painted in bright colours, and in rich patterns with gildings. We walked through as many as twelve rooms, all ornamented as I have described, with the lovely figures of white stone and marble standing up in the middle, and against the sides off the walls, which were of a dark colour, and set them off to great advantage.

King Louis lives in a palace not far from the picture gallery. He is not here now, but when he is, they say he walks about alone a great deal, and is very fond of going to see one of the great painters of Munich, who has painted a number of pictures for him. This painter is named Kaulbach. We went to see his pictures after dinner. There was an enormous one, describing the destruction of Jerusalem, with all the terrible events which took place at the time. So many subjects were in it, that it was more like a great many pictures than only one. It covered the whole side of the wall of the room. In one part the Christians were escaping from Jerusalem; in another some women were going to kill a little child, and eat it, because of the terrible famine; and, in a third, the high priest was about to destroy himself and his family in despair, whilst the fierce Romans were stationed near him on their fiery horses. It was a very beautiful picture; indeed, these Munich painters are said to be more skilful than any others. But nothing ever gives me as much pleasure as the old pictures, such as those I saw in the morning.

Some of us went to see some more paintings in the afternoon, at another palace, but the rest of the party

had had enough of pictures, and were engaged in a different way.

Munich will always be to me like a rich painted city. Even out of doors there is painting. In one place particularly, near the king's palace, there are long arcades, or covered passages with arches, which are painted in gay colours, and have pictures upon the walls. This kind of outside painting is very common in Italy, and there, I believe, it lasts pretty well, because the climate is mild. But in Bavaria the weather is often stormy, and the paintings soon become tarnished and decayed. There are shops under the arcades, many of which are good and handsome. We went into one which was full of the coloured glass, of different patterns, that you may sometimes have seen in shop windows in England. The glass, however, in this shop, was more beautiful than any we generally see, except in London. We always call it Bohemian glass, and think that it comes from the kingdom of Bohemia ; but we were told that there is also a great deal made in Bavaria, which is just as good and much cheaper. Munich is certainly a place which tempts one to spend money as much as any town I have ever seen. One is obliged to make a strict resolution not to buy a single thing which is not necessary.

Two or three little things I must put down at once, which it often comes into my mind to mention. One is, that we never see anything like a fire-place : only closed stoves are used. Generally they are made very pretty, with shining white tiles.

Another is, that the men who drive the public carriages often feed their horses with bread. They seem very careful of them, and feed them when they stop to rest for a little time. I have also omitted to men-

tion a practice which is exceedingly amusing to English eyes, that of men kissing each other when they meet, on both cheeks. I have only seen it done occasionally.

To-morrow we hope to set off for Nuremberg. If you look in the map you will probably be surprised that we have determined upon going there. It is not at all in the way to Switzerland; but we are to turn aside from the regular road on purpose to visit it, having heard a great deal of the interesting things to be seen there.

NUREMBERG: *July 23rd.* — I was very sorry to leave Munich this morning. There are numbers and numbers of things which we have not seen. In fact, we might have stayed there for weeks, and have found something new every day. I have a pleasant remembrance of the man who went about with us to show us every thing. He managed all we wanted, and came with us to the railway, and looked after our carpet bags, so that we had no trouble, and left Munich without any thing to give us an unpleasant remembrance. The very last thing I remarked as we came away, made me feel how much more ornamented and pretty things are there, than at other places. The railway station was quite beautiful, — not merely the rooms belonging to it, but the covered way where the carriages stood. The arches and the painting were so elegant as to make really an exceedingly pretty picture.

As for our journey to-day, my principal recollection of it will be, sitting in a comfortable carriage, like a little parlour, and reading an interesting book.

The country was so very much like what we have seen before, that there was very little to look at. The Tyrol Mountains still gave me more pleasure than any thing else. We saw them for a little while as we went to Augsburg by the same road by which we came the other night. Their colour was most beautiful ; a faint, blueish grey, and here and there sharp glittering spots of white, as the sun touched the snowy peaks. If I did not hope to see them nearer before long, it would make me quite unhappy to leave them. We stopped to dine at the station at Augsburg, or at least to get any thing we could ; for the room was filled with people, all wanting something to eat. The common dinner hour in Germany is, I believe, one o'clock. Ladies and gentlemen never think of dining as late as they do in England. From Augsburg our road was quite new, but it was not much prettier than before. That which interested me the most, was arriving at a place called Donauwörth, where we crossed the river Danube. Steam vessels go from thence to carry travellers down the river to the Black Sea ; and I felt, for the moment, as if I could have given up Nuremberg, and all I had to see, for the pleasure of a voyage down the Danube, to the distant countries through which its course lies.

From Donauwörth we had still rather a tiresome journey to Nuremberg, but on our arrival there we found enough to make us amends for any amount of dulness or fatigue ; for of all the strange places in Germany, Nuremberg is certainly one of the strangest. I think I must tell you a little about its history, to make you understand how odd it is. As long ago as the time of our Henry the First, it was a thriving place : it was then a free city, not subject to any par-

ticular state, but only to the Emperor of all Germany. It had a little territory of its own, and a little army. The Emperors often visited it, and sometimes held great meetings here of their nobles and subjects, something like our parliaments. After a time the people grew still more rich, for they carried on a great trade, and all sorts of valuable things were brought to Nuremberg, and then sold to the inhabitants of other countries. They were also very celebrated for the beautiful things which they worked in gold and different metals; and for the armour made by them for the nobles and soldiers who went to the wars. Some of the citizens also painted beautifully, especially one named Albert Dürer. Others made carvings for the churches; and in fact Nuremberg was celebrated far and wide, for the skill of its inhabitants in what are called works of art.

We are likewise indebted to Nuremberg for many useful discoveries. The first watches were made here, in the year 1500, by a man named Peter Hele. They were called Nuremberg eggs, because of their oval shape. A few years afterwards the first gun-lock was invented by a Nuremberg citizen. The mixture of metals, which forms what we now call brass, was also first tried here; and these discoveries, with many others, helped to give the inhabitants of Nuremberg a great name in Europe. But at last the prosperity of the town began to diminish, partly because people began to travel more, and learn more of other countries, and so did not carry on a trade with Nuremberg alone; and partly because of some foolish and harsh laws, made by the magistrates of the town, which sent a great many persons away from it. One of these laws was against the Jews, who were expelled from

the city, and forbidden, under pain of death, even to sleep within the walls. But the greatest misfortunes of all happened about the time of that English princess, the daughter of James the First, who, as I told you, lived in the Castle of Heidelberg, and wished so much to be a queen. There were then terrible wars between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics. The inhabitants of Nuremberg were Protestants, and they took great part in these wars. Amongst other persons who assisted them was a king of Sweden, — Gustavus Adolphus, his name was. He entered the town with an army of fifteen thousand men, whilst the enemy's army, which was much stronger, was stationed at Fürth, a village near. The number of people in the town was at this time so great, that all the mills in the country round could not grind corn enough for them. Thousands died from hunger and illness, and at last the Swedish king determined to rush out of the city and fight, rather than remain within the walls to be starved. He made a very brave attempt, but his enemies had guarded themselves by walls and ditches, and defended themselves with great success; and the Swedish king was at length compelled to retreat. He did not return to Nuremberg, but left a small body of men to defend the place, which was then in a dreadful state of distress. Twenty thousand Swedes, and ten thousand Nuremberg citizens, had already died of disease and famine in the course of eight or ten weeks; and the villages and hamlets in the neighbourhood had been burnt to the ground, and heaps of ashes alone remained to point out where they had stood. Nuremberg is now a very different place in many respects from what it was at the time of this long war, which is called the Thirty Years' War. Yet

it is much less changed than could be expected. There are indeed very few people here, compared with the number of its former inhabitants; but the houses, and the streets, and even the shops, remain very much as they were; and there are the strong walls round the town, which must have been there for hundreds of years; and thick round towers, where the soldiers were placed to defend them; whilst there are persons still living in the city, in the very same houses which their ancestors built.

I thought Bruges a most interesting place, but Nuremberg is still more so. Bruges had a bright look as if the people were anxious to make their houses appear as fresh and new as they could, so that they kept their old form. But Nuremberg seems as if it did not wish to be new, but was contented to remain exactly the same, and would crumble away rather than be altered. We have not, however, seen much of it yet, for we arrived late, and after tea it was getting dark. Yet we did go out, and wandered through the streets in the dusk, stopping at every turn to admire some odd window or pointed roof. Many of the houses are seven stories high, and the attics have often great porches to them, like the porches of doors. The ground floor of the houses is generally used as a kind of warehouse, and the entrance is often by small low archways, with thick wicket gates put across them in the day time, and doors to shut them in at night. Sometimes one sees a little ornamented tower at the corner of a house, then a tall carved peak to a roof, and once I observed a strange figure in the form of a dragon, projecting from the top of a house; I suppose it was a spout to carry off the water from the roof. Every street, in

fact, would make a picture. In our walk this evening we found our way to the fortifications which surround the town, and passing under a deep archway came to the edge of what was once a moat filled with water. Now it is green and there is a walk at the bottom, and trees grow up the bank and mingle with the grey stones of the fortifications; whilst the old worn walls of Nuremberg Castle stand high above them all. People were walking in the moat to-night and I think selling things, for as it grew dusk we saw lights gleaming amongst the leaves of the trees, as if they were kept at stalls or booths. We could not venture to walk far for it was growing late; but we made our way through another long archway and up rather a steep hill, from which we could look down upon the town, till we came to some closed gates, seeming the entrance to a fortress. A sharp-barking little dog announced that we were trying the door, and just as we were turning away, finding that we could not open it, it was unfastened by a girl who said we might go in. We passed the gates and found ourselves in a court yard surrounded by very high walls, with open galleries going round part of it, and flights of wooden steps, covered in, leading up to them. In the centre was a splendid lime tree. The court yard was the court yard of the castle; the tree was seven hundred years old; and standing against the wall, still, and cold, and grim, was the stone figure of the Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus, who had fought for the people of Nuremberg and died (for he did die in battle) in defence of their cause. We had stumbled upon one of the most interesting things in the place and were satisfied, though we had no time to see anything further, so we made our way back to the hotel

to enjoy our night's rest, and see more, we hope, to-morrow. Even the court yard of our hotel is beautiful, with carved work and windows; once, I suspect, it must have been a nobleman's house. The walls come quite close to the edge of a little river which runs through the town, but which is not a great ornament to it—it is so muddy.

Thursday, July 24th.—We have had a day of sight-seeing, going about the town and visiting churches, and the castle, and the market, and the shops. It has been very pleasant, and I think we have made very good use of our time. Our first visit this morning was to the banker's, where some money was to be procured. The common coins of this part of Germany, I must tell you, are kreutzers and florins. Sixty kreutzers go to a florin, which is worth about 1s. 8d. and is something like half-a-crown. I thought we should drive to a house, and be shown into an office, and receive the money and go out again; but a banker's house in Nuremberg, is something very different from a banker's house in London. There was a large hall first on the ground floor, but it was filled with tubs and casks; there was a staircase, but without the least bit of carpet over it; and across the top of the staircase was an iron railing and an open-worked iron door, which shut us out so that we could not go farther. We rang the bell, and an odd little German maid opened the door, and another little German maid took us through a long, dingy, uncarpeted passage, into a sort of kitchen, — very large and very low, and filled with lumber, — old chests and tables, and such things. Beyond the kitchen was another passage, and then we came to the banker's room, where two or three men were seated at desks covered with

papers, and one, in a little closet, seemed to be keeping guard over two chests of money, — not gold, like our sovereigns and half sovereigns, but parcels of florins put up in rolls of fifty together. The windows of the room looked out on an open court with covered galleries round it, forming part of the houses near; and strange little windows and pointed roofs were to be seen at every corner. The banker's clerk was exceedingly slow, and the room looked in a state of much confusion, what with the papers lying about and samples of sugar mixed with them. It was certainly as strange a place as I ever saw. From the banker's house we proceeded to visit the principal churches; they are Protestant churches, but they have been very little altered since the days when they were used by Roman Catholics. There are many things in them which we should be surprised to see in our churches; figures, and ornaments, and pictures, and altars, some of which are much to be admired, and others are very strange. In the first Church we went to, St. Sebald's, there are two altars, one at the east end and the other at the west. The west end is, I believe, used for marriages, but the east end for the Holy Communion, as in our own churches. The most beautiful thing in the whole church was some carved work over a chest, made of silver and gold, which is said to hold the bones of St. Sebald; it was made by Peter Vischer, a celebrated Nuremberg artist; he and his sons are declared to have worked at it for thirteen years. The Protestants in Germany do not seem to have been afraid to keep these things in their churches, though they do not reverence relics as persons did formerly. The other church, called the Church of St. Lawrence, still more altars, and pictures, and crucifixes; it

was an extremely beautiful church, and was ornamented with the carving of a poor man named Adam Kraft, who lived in Nuremberg more than three hundred years ago, and a little before the time of Peter Vischer. Adam Kraft made, what is called by the Roman Catholics, a Sacrament House, for the Church of St. Lawrence; it is a kind of chest or closet, necessary for a part of their service. The covering goes nearly up to the roof of the Church, and bends over at the top as if it was part of a delicate flower, and yet it is all cut out of stone. Adam Kraft made figures of himself and of the men who worked with him, and they are represented kneeling on one knee and supporting all this beautiful work. He spent years in finishing it, and doubtless hoped to obtain some great reward for his labour; but though he had worked so hard to adorn his native place, his fellow-citizens seem to have sadly neglected him, and poor Adam Kraft, after the toils and troubles of his life, died in a workhouse. It gave me a most melancholy feeling to look at his old but handsome face, such as he himself had carved it, and think of the pain, and grief, and bitter disappointment, he must have endured before his death.

The painted glass in the Church of St. Lawrence is also most lovely, and very old. In these days persons do not appear able to make the colours as rich and deep as they did in former times; though Nuremberg is still famous for its painted glass, and some, which I noticed in the Church of St. Lawrence, struck me as more beautiful than any I have ever seen in England.

We spent some time in the market, which was a very amusing scene. All the little stalls were

crowded together in a square, round which were covered booths and sheds. In all German towns the people sell an immense number of articles in the open air; and they also do, what, to my eye, is both ugly and irreverent,—they build sheds close in to the walls of the churches, and make shops of them. One of the finest churches in Nuremberg is quite shut in by these sheds. I am afraid we are not quite free from the same practice in England.

The fountains in Nuremberg are particularly celebrated. There is one in the market-place, which goes by the name of the Beautiful Fountain. It has twenty-four large stone figures round it, and is most exquisitely carved. We have some crosses in England something like it, which were raised to the memory of Queen Eleanor, the wife of Edward the First. I think you would have laughed to see, in another place, the figure of a man, made in metal, holding two geese in his arms, and water pouring from their mouths. The market in which this fountain stands is called, from the figure, the Goose Market.

Perhaps you may remember my telling you that we went to see the Rath-haus, or Town Hall at Cologne. There is a Rath-haus also at Nuremberg, to which we paid a visit this morning. It is a curious old building, but the principal things to be seen there were some pictures painted by the celebrated artist Albert Dürer, who, like Adam Kraft and Peter Vischer, lived between three and four hundred years ago.

Below the Rath-haus are secret passages, which go under the streets and houses as far as the moat beyond the walls. They are now nearly choked up with mud; but it is supposed that in the old times,

when there were often disturbances in the city, they were made in order to allow the magistrates of Nuremberg to escape from the fury of the people. You must remember that these magistrates had nearly as much power as kings. They could torture people, or put them in prison as they chose; and there are a range of horrible dungeons, and a torture-chamber, still in existence in the Rath-haus, though they are not shown to visitors.

The magistrates were generally chosen from amongst thirty noble families, and they seemed to have governed the city well upon the whole; although, no doubt, they did at times make use of the dreadful punishments which were common in those days. Nuremberg now belongs to the King of Bavaria.

The people of Nuremberg have a great remembrance of those who have made their town famous. The name of Albert Dürer, the painter I told you of, is often to be seen, as a sign for an eating-house or a street:—and his own house, which is very old, and covered with strange wooden carving, is particularly pointed out to strangers. I am afraid Albert Dürer was not a very happy man, in spite of his cleverness and his fame, for he had a wife who was so cross, that at last, it is said, she teased him to death.

There was a cobbler also, who was once a great person in Nuremberg. His name was Hans Sachs. He was a poet as well as a cobbler, and there is a street still named after him. We had quite a long search for his house to-day,—but every one seemed to understand what we were looking for, though we did not receive any very clear directions as to where we were to find it.

We went up to the castle again in the course of the

morning. I do not think it looked quite as grand in the daylight, as it did in the twilight, but still it was very interesting. No one lives there now, but a few years ago King Louis of Bavaria came to stay here for a little time, and some of the rooms were fitted up for him. I could not help thinking of his splendid palace at Munich, and wondering how he liked the change. The rooms in Nuremberg Castle are little low closets in comparison. There are two chapels in the castle; for in former times no one ever thought of building a large palace, or a castle, without a chapel belonging to it. They are placed one above another, and are very old,—as old as our William the Conqueror. It was not uncommon in former times, to have two chapels in this way. The upper one served for the lord of the castle and his family; and the lower one for his servants and dependants. This Castle of Nuremberg was a favourite residence of many of the German emperors.

We gained a slight notion of what the inside of a Nuremberg home is like, by going to see a picture of Albert Dürer's, which belongs to a gentleman who is kind enough to allow strangers to see it.

The picture is the likeness of one of the gentleman's ancestors, and has been kept by the family for more than three hundred years. The gentleman himself was not at home, but his wife gave us permission to go in. The house was not at all as grand as the house of a rich person in England might be. The large hall at the bottom was filled with wood, cut up, I suppose, to be burnt in the winter. The stairs had no carpet upon them, neither was there any in the passages leading to the bed-rooms; and the rooms themselves, as far as I could see in passing, were

not in the least ornamented. There was no furniture at all in the room in which the picture was kept. The lady of the house went with us to show us the picture. She was a particularly gentle, pleasing person, and talked to us a little about England, and the Great Exhibition. Her husband, she said, was gone to see it, and she was very anxious about him, for she thought there must be such a crowd, that he would not come back safely. The plainness of this house must be unlike the ancient fashions of Nuremberg; for an old writer, speaking of the splendour of the town, declares that a simple citizen of Nuremberg, was, in his days, better lodged than a king of Scotland.

The family of this lady's husband must always have been one of much consequence; for in the afternoon, when we went to see the cemetery, or burial-ground, which is particularly set apart for the noble citizens of Nuremberg, we found that the persons belonging to this one family were all buried within the chapel, and not in the open ground like others; and the last work of poor Adam Kraft was to carve a representation of the Burial of our Lord to adorn their vault.

This burial-ground of Nuremberg is a celebrated one, but I cannot say that I like it. The churchyards in Germany generally please me, for instead of the tombstones which we commonly use, there are little crosses over the graves, which are very suitable to the place. But the Nuremberg churchyard is covered with large flat stones, upon the top of which are what we call "coats of arms," or certain signs which show that the person who had died was a gentleman by birth.

The coats of arms are made in bronze, and are likely

to last a very long time, but they were unpleasing to me, as reminding me more of earthly rank, than of the simple trust in a Saviour, which is the only hope that any of us can have to support us in the hour of death. Upon some of the tombstones are placed wreaths of pretty flowers, and there are trees planted amongst them ; but the churchyard is not kept neatly.

The tombstones are all numbered ; so that when we wanted to search for any one in particular, we looked for the number, and not the name of the person. This was very convenient, but it seemed to me irreverent, as making one think so little of those who were lying dead around one. Albert Dürer, and Hans Sachs, and Peter Vischer, were all buried in this churchyard. The Germans have a very pretty name for a burial-ground. They call it "God's Acre." There are no churchyards in the towns ; they are always situated in the country near.

It was a very uncomfortable visit which we paid to the Nuremburg churchyard ; for it had rained heavily before we reached it, and the ground was extremely damp. It certainly seems to rain harder in Germany than it does in England. The rain comes down like a deluge, which it is impossible to escape from. To-day, though the carriage was half closed, we managed to get very wet.

The weather prevented me from seeing what would have interested me very much, in the way from the town to the churchyard. Seven stone pillars are placed along this road at regular distances, each having some carved work upon it, representing scenes in the last days of our Blessed Lord's life. They were executed by Adam Kraft, and were set up by a Nu-

remberg citizen, as a representation of the way by which our Saviour is supposed to have passed, from the house of Pilate to Mount Calvary. This citizen, whose name was Ketzel, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the year 1477, when our Edward the Fourth was reigning, in order to bring back the exact measurement of the distance. On his return, he found to his dismay, that he had lost the paper on which was written down all that he wished to remember, and he actually made a second journey to Jerusalem, in order to take the same measurements again. The first pillar was placed opposite to Ketzel's own house, and the last at the gate of the churchyard.

In spite of the rain we drove from the churchyard to the village, or rather the town, of Fürth, where we were told we should find a very good shop, containing all kinds of curiosities. Fürth is an ugly place, not at all like Nuremberg. In the old times it was only a little village, and when the Swedish king Gustavus Adolphus was at Nuremberg, his enemies were stationed at Fürth. Now it is quite a large place, with manufactories of brass and different kinds of metals, toys and trinkets, buttons, &c. It has been called, for this reason, the German Birmingham. The Jews, who are forbidden to settle or even to sleep in Nuremberg, have taken up their abode at Fürth, and being a very industrious race, they have really made the fortune of the place. They have courts of justice of their own there, and printing establishments for their own books, and schools, and synagogues, and, in fact, enjoy many more advantages than the Jews who are living in other parts of Germany.

The shop we went to see was full of all kinds of

beautiful things, — ornaments in silver work, gold cups, boxes of ivory, cases of inlaid wood, rich thick silks, old paintings, carved oak ; — almost everything, indeed, one could imagine that was ancient and valuable. But it was not a very tempting shop, for the articles were so expensive, that no one who was not very wealthy could think of buying them. The people who kept the shop told us that a great number of foreigners came to see the collection of curiosities. They make it their business to collect all the strange and valuable things they can meet with. Amongst other articles, I saw a great wooden cradle, in which one of the Emperors of Germany, Joseph the Second, was nursed.

We intend to leave Nuremberg to-morrow. The gentlemen are to go back to Ulm, where we left the lady's maid and the luggage, and we, ladies, are to make our way to Constance, a town on the Lake of Constance, or the *Boden See*, as the Germans call it, and there we all hope to meet again on Saturday night.

KAUFFBEUREN : Friday, July 25th. — We remained at Nuremberg this morning till about one o'clock, seeing still more of the town, and shopping a little. One of my last remembrances of the place is going to buy a basket, — stopping at the entrance of an open, covered court yard, forming the ground-floor of a house, and a man coming out, and ringing a bell fastened to an upper window on the outside ; then a woman putting her head out of the window to answer the bell, and a few minutes afterwards coming down into the street,

bringing the baskets which we were to choose from in her hand,—there being, in fact, no shop. We have found out one of the uses of the porches in the roofs: ropes are fastened to the overhanging top, and by means of it heavy articles are drawn up from the street, instead of being carried all the way upstairs. The women certainly do curious things in Germany. I saw them at Nuremberg sawing wood in the streets; and they work in the fields quite as much,—so it seems to me,—as the men; and, on the other hand, the men at an inn will often do the work which women do with us.

As for our journey since we left Nuremberg, there is not much to say about it. A great part of the road was the same by which we travelled when we came from Munich. We stopped at the Augsburg station for about an hour, and took the opportunity of going into the town; but I did not gain a good idea of what it was like, for it was late, and the shops were shut; and though the streets were wide, no one was walking in them, which gave it a very deserted appearance. The Cathedral is one of the principal things to be seen, but it is whitewashed, which destroys a good deal of its beauty.

Augsburg is, however, a celebrated place in history. About three hundred years ago, at the time of the great disputes between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants in Germany, the German Protestants met there, and wrote a confession of their belief, called the Confession of Augsburg, which was read aloud in the presence of the Emperor, Charles the Fifth. It is very much the rule and guide for the German Protestants at this day.

There is a great deal of trade carried on at Augs-

burg still, and the merchants are very rich people. At the outside of the town there were pleasant walks amongst trees, and round the great walls which form the fortifications; but half my pleasure in seeing the place was destroyed by the fact of our being in a hurry, and having a pair of poor starved horses to drag us along, which looked so wretched and required so much urging to make them go forward, that the people who passed us quite stared at us and at them. We did not observe how miserable the horses were till we had gone some way, and then we found they could scarcely move. The driver received a scolding for his cruelty, but I am afraid it did not have much effect upon him.

From Augsburg we came to Kauffbeuren, where we are now. It is a place, even the name of which I had never heard till within the last few days. It is not very remarkable that I can find out, but there is a railway to Switzerland which has as yet only been made so far, and we have therefore no choice but to stop here. What the place is like I cannot tell now that I have come to it. All I know is, that we were driven from the station in an omnibus, with eight or nine Germans, which made it immensely hot and crowded; and, it being after ten o'clock at night, we could see nothing but some straggling streets and a few trees, and a light here and there; and now we are in an old rambling inn, and have had a chambermaid to wait upon us without shoes or stockings, and a sort of pie-dish for a washing basin, with glass bottles instead of water jugs, and two men bringing beds into our rooms, ready made, at a moment's notice.

We are very much puzzled as to what we are to do to-morrow. As I mentioned yesterday, we fully in-

tended to go on to Constance, where we hoped to find our friends, and to spend Sunday together. But the guide book which we looked at in order to learn how far we had to go, has quite misled us. The distance, it seems, is much greater than we had supposed. We have just had a conversation with the innkeeper, and he declares that it is actually impossible to reach Constance to-morrow, and that the utmost we can hope to do, is to go as far as Lindau, which is also on the banks of the Lake. We may, he thinks, sleep there, and cross the lake by a steam-packet early on Sunday morning, so as to arrive at Constance early. But even this, it appears, is doubtful. There has also been a considerable difficulty in finding a carriage to take us on, and in arranging what we are to pay for it. In fact, we have been in a state of great perplexity ever since we arrived; and now it is nearly twelve o'clock, and we must be up again at six in the morning, for we shall have a long day's journey before us. We are to travel to-morrow by hiring what are called *Lohn-kutscher*, or hired coachmen. They are persons who engage to take you a certain distance, sometimes a very long one, for a fixed sum of money. This is different from what we call posting; it is not so quick, but it is less expensive. When persons travel by post they have to change carriages and horses frequently. In England any person may keep post-horses who wishes it, if he obtains a license, or permission; but abroad, it is all settled by the government; and post-masters are employed to manage for travelling, just as other people are employed to arrange the conveyance of letters.

Ysni: *Saturday, July 26th.* — We left Kauffbeuren at eight this morning, and have been travelling nearly all day, not by railway, but in a carriage. It has been raining almost without ceasing; and even with the carriage covered in, it was a difficult matter to keep ourselves dry. If it had been a fine day we should have had a very lovely journey, for the country has quite changed. We are now in the south of Bavaria, and on the borders of Switzerland, and every thing is much more like Switzerland than Germany. Last night it was dark soon after we left Augsburg, and I saw nothing of the scenery we were approaching; and this morning, when we set off from Kauffbeuren, it was like being taken suddenly from one country and put down in another. We have left the flat corn fields, and the houses with steep roofs, and have been travelling all day amongst beautiful hills and fir woods, with sometimes high mountains in the distance. Instead of broad rivers, there are clear sparkling streams rushing along by the road side; and the land, instead of being cultivated for corn, is left for green pastures, upon which cows are allowed to feed at will, with a chain and a piece of wood round their necks, to prevent them from straying amongst the firs and larches. The cow which is considered the cleverest, has a bell fastened round her neck, and all the others follow her. The houses, too, are quite altered. The roofs are made to project at the top, something like verandahs, and there are stones put to keep the tiles from being torn off by the violent storms. We stopped twice in the middle of the day, once to rest the horses, and once to take a fresh carriage. As for seeing much,

it was out of the question; there was a regular German rain, pouring in torrents. At the first village where we rested, some of us did contrive to wade across the road to the church, which was opposite, but even that was an undertaking. There was little to be seen in the church in the way of beauty, but one thing in it rather interested me: it was a list of names hung up against the wall; the names of the men belonging to the parish, who, as the inscription said, "had found death for their king and their fatherland, between the years 1803 and 1815." It was at that time that the French Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte was carrying on such terrible wars, and trying to conquer Germany; and the remembrance of the brave men who defended their country, is still in this way preserved. The other place at which we stopped, was a town called Kempten. The inn there, where we dined, was one of the best we have been at, though it was not at all grand. The landlord amused us by being exceedingly pleased at our praises of his dinner, which his wife, he told us, had cooked herself. He would not allow that the things themselves were anything particular — it was all, he said, his wife's doing; and he sat down and talked to us, and his wife came up likewise, and stood by with her knitting whilst we were at dinner, evidently very much pleased at our satisfaction.

Part of the road we went to-day was so steep, that we were obliged to have two additional horses, which were brought out from a little post-house at the side of the road, fastened on quickly by ropes, and then led up the hill by a stout German woman, in a brown jacket, and a red cap, who urged them on most valiantly. We have seen several odd caps and droll

figures, but the principal things to be noticed have been the red umbrellas, which are very common. We wished extremely to have reached Lindau to-night, so that we might cross the lake to Constance, at six o'clock to-morrow morning. But the distance has proved too great, as our landlord at Kauffbeuren warned us might be the case. This is the second time we have been unfortunate in our plans. The place we have reached is called Ysni. It is a very curious little town, which must be extremely pretty on a sunny day; for it was pretty even this evening, with a grey sky and heavy clouds, and a damp, almost cold air. We walked round it just after we arrived, for we were chilled and tired with sitting in a carriage all day, and a walk was an agreeable change. A wall goes round the town, and there are towers, and a moat, and some pretty little Swiss-looking houses, and wooded hills in the distance. The gardens in this part of the world are prettier than we have seen lately; they are more enclosed, with low hedges, and palings; and the sight of the closely cropped turf in the pasture lands, has been quite a delight to me. It has been much more like driving through a gentleman's park to-day, than through an open country.

The little inn at which we are to sleep to-night is very small, but very comfortable, and particularly clean; and that, after all, is what one most requires. The Swiss inns are remarkable for neatness and cleanliness, and though we have not reached Switzerland yet, we are so near to it, that I cannot but fancy these southern Bavarians must have learnt a few tidy habits from their neighbours.

•

LINDAU *on the Lake of Constance, or the Boden See: Sunday, July 27th.*—We have had a much quieter Sunday than I expected, and if it were not for our friends at Constance, who are expecting us, I could not regret having been obliged to remain at Lindau instead of crossing the lake.

We came from Ysni quite early, thinking we should be in time for a steam-packet, but there were none going to Constance after six o'clock in the morning. There was no English service in Lindau, so we could only read by ourselves at home. Lindau is very prettily situated, quite close to the lake, with some of the Tyrol mountains on one side, and the snow mountains of Switzerland in front. The country just in the neighbourhood is lovely, for there are wooded hills near, with pleasant Swiss-looking little cottages, and gardens, and fruit trees, and beautiful glimpses of the distant mountains. It is quite a country in which one would fancy it pleasant to live. At the entrance of the town there are some large houses with gardens, but Lindau itself is not a very large place. It is built on two islands in the lake, and there is a wooden bridge more than a thousand feet long, which joins it to the shore. Low walls have been built out into the lake, in front of the town, to make a harbour for boats in stormy weather; and near them stands an old tower, with a bell fixed on the outside, which is rung when there are fogs upon the lake, to warn the vessels and boats from coming too near. At other times, when it is clear, they keep lights burning in it. The lake was very smooth to-day, but it is often stormy; and in winter, when there is a great deal of

rain, the water rises at times so high that it overflows the streets. I saw a mark to-day on a stone just as we came into the hotel, which was made to show how high the water had risen in the year 1817. It was several feet above the level of the street.

The Lake of Constance is about forty-four miles long, but it is only near Lindau that the scenery is pretty. In other parts the banks are flat. The lake is formed by the torrents and rivers which descend from the mountains. It is very deep;—in one part as much as 964 English feet: that would be rather more than the distance from the top of St. Catherine's, which you know is the highest hill in the Isle of Wight, to the sea shore.

It is very delightful to me to be brought at last immediately in view of the snow mountains. I have so often longed to see them, and now I have had my wish, and I cannot say I am disappointed. They rise up boldly in the distance, seeming to crowd round the lake, though really they are far off. Sometimes the clouds come down and cover their jagged summits, and sometimes they rush over them, and pass away; and then a snowy peak will catch the rays of the sun, and glitter like silver. I sat upon a stone in the open air for some time this afternoon, watching them; and feeling how pleasant it was, and yet how very strange, that I should be actually looking at them. It was so short a time since I had left home! and now the mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol were standing before me, real and true; whereas before they had been only dreams: for all one can fancy of far off scenes and places is very dim, as one cannot but feel when brought so near to them. It was certainly just the quiet and yet grand scene which one should have

chosen for a Sunday,—if it had been permitted one to make a choice,—with the idea that seeing the wonderful beauty of nature, would put good thoughts into one's mind. But I am afraid too many of us learn to look at lovely scenery, merely as something to be admired, and forget Him whose Love has given it to us.

CONSTANCE : *Hotel du Brochet, or Pike Hotel. Monday, July 28th.*—We were in the steam-boat by six o'clock this morning, and had a very pleasant voyage to Constance of about five hours and a half. This was certainly a very long time, but the steamer stopped at several places for passengers, and once we went on shore for a few minutes. The weather was deliciously warm, the lake quite smooth, and of a beautiful soft, pale blue colour, and some of the views of the mountains near Lindau were most lovely; so that if it had not been for the unpleasant motion of the steamer, I could scarcely have wished to reach Constance. Our two friends were waiting for us on the shore as we landed. Both they and the lady's maid had been in some alarm at our absence. They were expecting us all day yesterday, and could not imagine what had become of us; and if we had not arrived to-day, they had made up their minds to go to Lindau in search of us. The meeting was a satisfaction to us all. We talked of leaving Constance, and going on farther in the afternoon, but this idea was put a stop to almost immediately. The Grand Duke of Baden and his officers and attendants, we were told, were at Constance, and there were to be illuminations in the town at night,

and a great deal to be seen ; so that it would be quite a pity to think of going away. Just at first, I must confess, I was a little sorry, for we are now very near to Switzerland, and I have a great desire to be actually in the country, and amongst the mountains. But I did not care about it after the first few minutes, and we had a quiet, pleasant afternoon, and enjoyed ourselves in seeing all worth notice in the place. Constance is in the Duchy of Baden, though it looks on the map as if it ought to belong to Switzerland. It is a small ancient town, with narrow streets. The houses are not as pretty as in the German towns we have been seeing lately. They look rather old and poor, but the lake is very lovely ; and to-day every thing appeared bright. The people had hung green wreaths about their houses, in honour of the Grand Duke ; and red and yellow flags, the colours of Baden, were flying from the vessels, and suspended from the houses. The master of the hotel is also the master of the house which the Grand Duke is occupying, and as no one was there this afternoon, he allowed us to go over it. It was not at all large, but it had been fitted up for the occasion very prettily, and the staircase and hall were ornamented with shrubs and evergreens. The two sentinels who were keeping guard there followed us from room to room, quite amused with us, I suspect, as being English people.

But the place most worth seeing in Constance is a very old hall, where, rather more than four hundred years ago, a great meeting was held, at which Sigismund, an Emperor of Germany, was present, with a great many of the most celebrated, learned, and princely persons in Europe. It was at that time that persons were beginning to enquire whether all that

the Roman Catholics taught was really true. Two persons, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, who were both natives of Bohemia, in Germany, were especially known as having a great wish to reform what they considered wrong, and teach what was more, as they thought, according to the Bible. The Roman Catholics considered them heretics, or false teachers; and the meeting at Constance, which is usually called the Council of Constance, was summoned in order that Huss might say publicly what his opinions were, and that some learned Roman Catholics might convince him he was in error. Huss was afraid to come to Constance, well knowing that very many of the great persons at the meeting would be against him. But the Emperor Sigismund promised him he should be safe, and even gave an order in writing, — the copy of which I have read this afternoon, — that all persons should assist and help him as much as they possibly could. Huss came to Constance, and there was a public disputation upon the subject of religion. He openly told what he believed, and the faithless Emperor, in spite of his promise, gave him up to his enemies, who put him in prison, and kept him in great wretchedness for several months, and then had him brought out, fastened to a stake, and burnt alive, A. D. 1415. He seems to have thought that this would be his end. The last letter which he wrote to his friends, and which I read a copy of in the Hall, says, that the Emperor is treacherous, and that he suspects his enemies will kill him. It is a very sad letter, most simple and earnest, and trusting entirely to God's mercy; and it ends with begging his friends so to live that they may never fear to die. The door of his cell, and some other parts of his prison, have been kept to this day. The

cell itself was destroyed when the convent to which it belonged was repaired ; but a model, or likeness of it, has been made. It is so very small that a man could scarcely turn round in it ; and yet in that space poor Huss was kept for three months. Even those who may think his opinions wrong cannot help pitying his sufferings, and hating the treachery which caused his death. The chair in which the Emperor Sigismund sat at the Council, is also kept in the Hall, and his picture hangs against the wall ; it represents a stern, hard, proud looking man, whom one turns from with horror, when thinking of his cruelty and deceit.*

This evening we have been rowing upon the lake, and watching the sunset lighting up the distant snow mountains and making the lake shine like sheets of glittering gold ; I have seen such colours in pictures, but nothing can be as beautiful as the reality ; so soft they are, melting one into the other—pale blue, and lilac, and dazzling gold, with streaks of pale green light crossing the dark purple shadows. I could have looked at the water for hours as it rippled round me, the trees on the banks of the lake still keeping their green hues, and the buildings of the town growing darker and darker as they stood up against the golden sky. Our boat was a very grand one, ornamented with evergreens and a red and yellow flag, all in honour of the Grand Duke. On our landing we walked a little way to a covered bridge, and looked out through it upon the Rhine, which falls into the lake at the east end, and flows out again at Constance ;

* Jerome of Prague also came to Constance, and was imprisoned ; but the fate of Huss frightened him, and he professed to give up his belief. He repented afterwards, and was burnt in consequence in the year 1416.

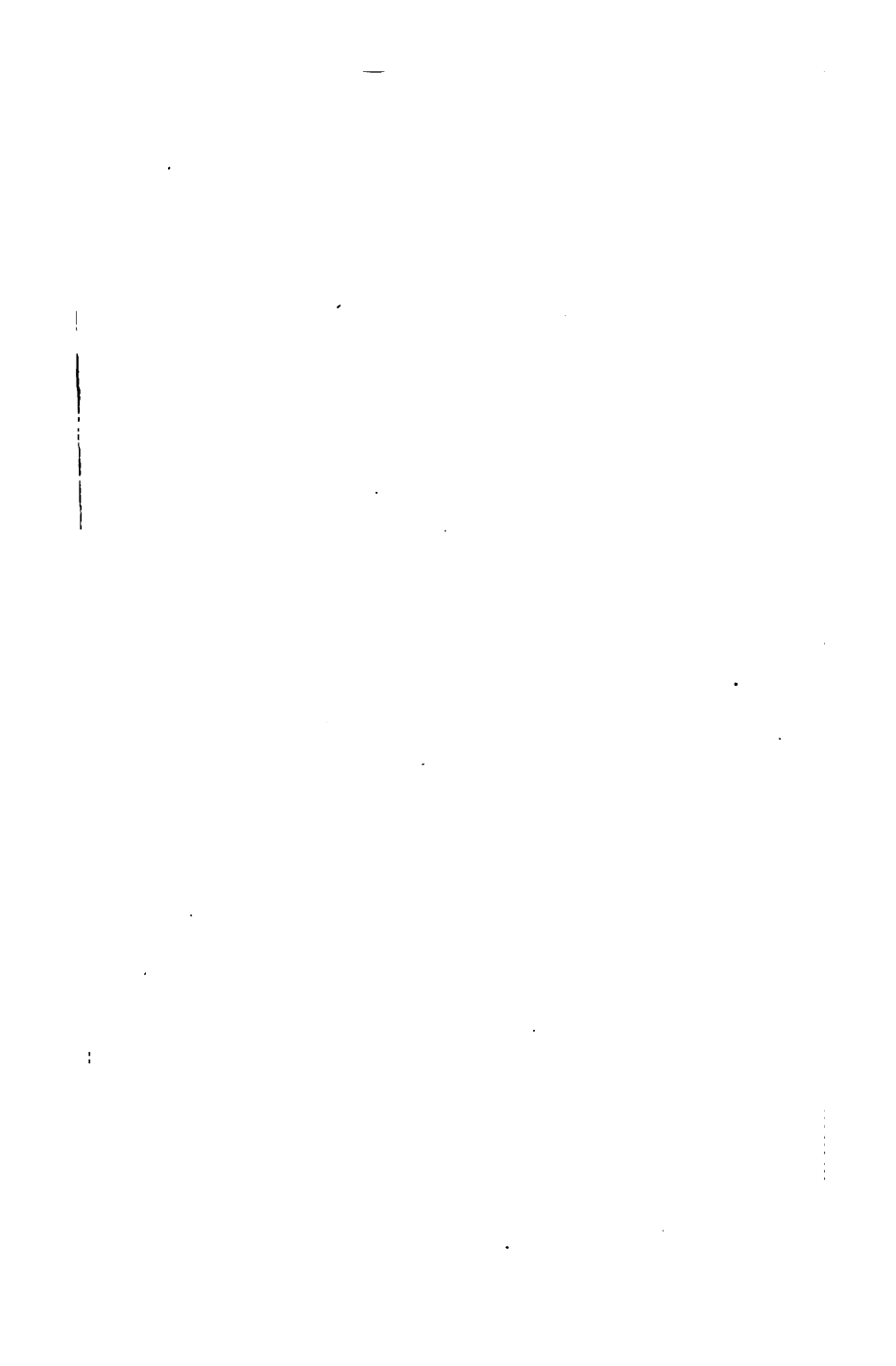
and then we went back to the hotel, where there was a great contrast to the quietness of the lake, for every one was in a bustle, preparing for the rejoicings we had been told to expect. Since then I have been standing amongst a crowd of people, with long lighted torches, and watching the Grand Duke speaking to them as he stood at the door of his house, and listening to cheers and singing, and to the air of our "God save the Queen," played by a band of musicians; and I have also walked through the town, and seen rows of lights in every window, and bright flags hung out, and evergreens, and brilliant letters, and crowns, and figures; and in the midst of it all that which has struck me the most, has been the quietness and order of the crowd; there was no pushing, or quarrelling, or confusion,—every one seemed to know his place, and to be willing to keep to it. Only one thing seemed very strange;—when the people were standing before the Grand Duke none of them took off their hats; our own friends tried to set the example, but only one person followed it; this is the more peculiar, because, generally speaking, foreigners are much more polite to each other than English people, and take their hats quite off their heads when they bow to each other. Another thing I remarked was, that in cheering they did not say "hurrah!" but "*hoch!*" a word which sounds something like "*hau*" in English.

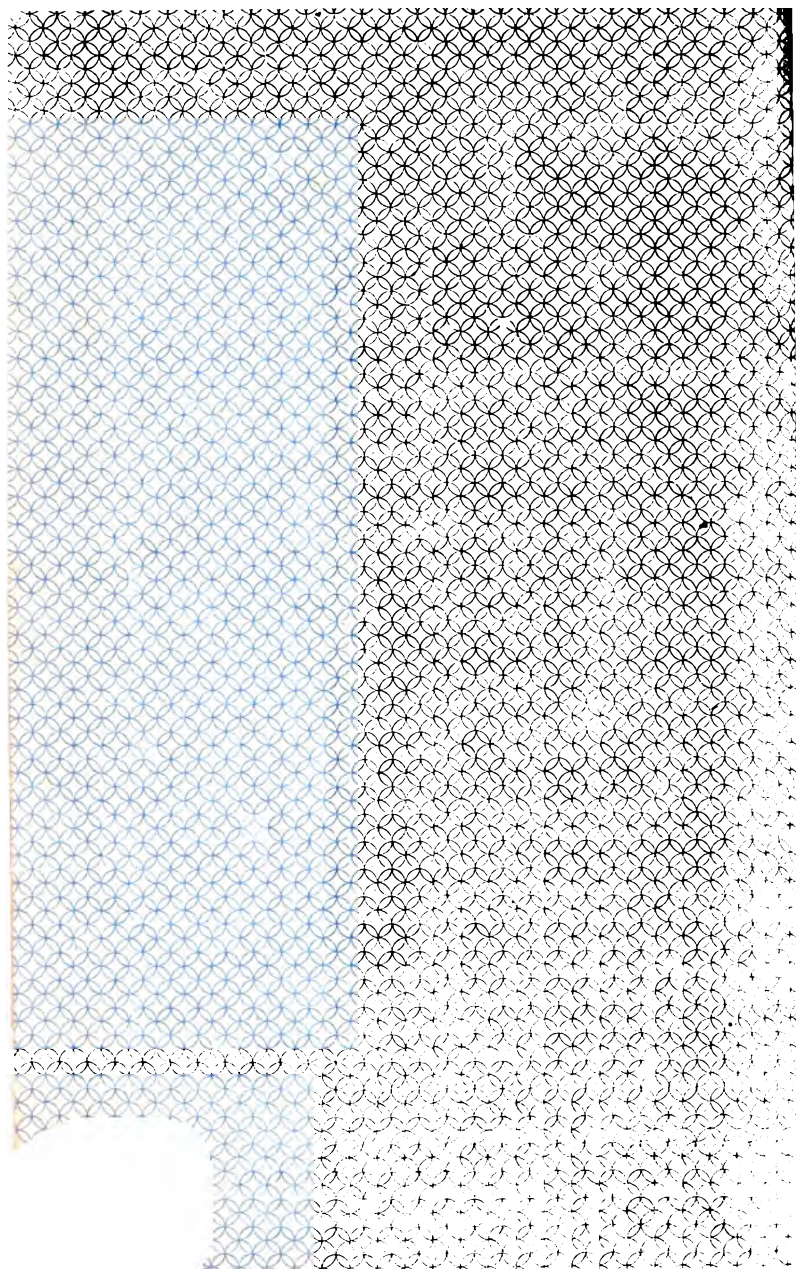
The illuminations were not grand as in London, but they were exceedingly pretty, and the coloured flags certainly added much to the gaiety of the streets. One scene I must try and describe, for it was like a picture. It was in the house opposite to the hotel,—three Sisters of Charity were in it; one of them helped to light the row of lamps in the windows, and when

the line of people with torches came by, they all three looked out. The room was quite dark behind them, and the strong light from the torches shone full upon the faces of the Sisters, and the dress they wore, which was exactly that which I have seen in pictures several hundred years old. It was a white cap, fitting closely round the face, with two long and broad lappets reaching to the shoulder, and a square kind of black cape falling down behind. Round the neck they wore large white collars, plaited in a peculiar manner, in rows. Not a bit of hair was to be seen round their faces. They scarcely looked real, but as if they were forms in a picture, the frame of which was the framework of the window. This and the bright scene of the illumination will be my pleasant remembrance of my last evening in Germany. Tomorrow we hope to be really in Switzerland, a country which I have so much longed to visit, that all we have seen hitherto, though I have enjoyed it exceedingly, seems merely an introduction to it.

END OF PART I.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.





[No. 2.]

ONE-VOLUME

ENCYCLOPÆDIAS AND DICTIONARIES.

I.

LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of GARDENING. New Edition (1850), greatly improved by Miss. LOUDON. With 1,000 Wood Engravings. 8vo. 50s.

II.

LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of AGRICULTURE: the Theory and Practice of Cultivation; the Economy and Management of Farms. With 1,100 Woodcuts. 8vo. 50s.

III.

LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of PLANTS: including all found in, or introduced into Great Britain. With 10,000 Woodcuts. 8vo. 73s. 6d.

IV.

LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of the TREES and SHRUBS of GREAT BRITAIN, Native and Foreign. With 2,000 Wood Engravings. 8vo. 50s.

V.

LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of COTTAGE, FARM, and VILLA ARCHITECTURE and FURNITURE. With 2,300 Wood Engravings. 8vo. 63s.

VI.

JOHNSON'S FARMER'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA, and DICTIONARY of RURAL AFFAIRS. With numerous Wood Engravings. 8vo. 50s.

VII.

BLAINE'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA of RURAL SPORTS: comprising Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, Racing, &c. With 600 Wood Engravings. 8vo. 50s.

VIII.

COPLAND'S DICTIONARY of MEDICINE, Library of Pathology, and Digest of Medical Literature. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 60s.

. To be completed in *One more Volume.*

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN

